WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

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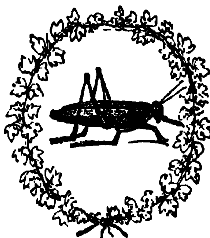
THE COURT,

THE CAMP, THE QUARTER-DECK,

AND

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WHYCHCOTTE OF ST. JOHN'S.

MRS. HEMANS.

"Is distinction necessarily happiness? Is it *indispensable* to be distinguished? I live among distinguished persons. I see heroes, statesmen, orators, poets. I have friends who have acquired some power, some riches; all are in full career. Yet, as they arrive at the goal, all seem to me to be disappointed."

SOME writer has remarked, with equal force and beauty, that "by a visit to those places which we know to have been the haunt of genius, we are more affected than when we hear of their actions, or read their works."

And this remark is founded on a thorough knowledge of human nature.

The room where Newton was born, at Wynford—and the chamber in which Shakspeare saw the light on Avon—the churchyard where Gray wrote his Elegy—and the study where Johnson penned his immortal Rasselas—must always possess a spell for those to whom learning and genius are dear.

And such was the feeling with which I gazed on the cottage of the poetess at Rhyader. The situation is pretty and picturesque. The view, at once rich in the fore-ground, and romantic in the distance, is precisely that on which a mind, so exquisitely alive to the charms of nature, would delight to repose. Of the interior, I will only say (for the home of such a woman is hallowed ground, and its secrets should not be delivered over to the vulgar gaze of the public eye) that it is plentifully adorned

with that best furniture—books; and is rich in those little embellishments which a woman's ingenuity can so readily supply, and a woman's taste can best arrange.

By a common-place observer, Mrs. Hemans would be considered an interesting rather than a beautiful woman. And yet hers is beauty of the highest class. It depends neither on feature nor complexion. It is that which lasts the longest, and over which time has so little power—the beauty of the soul. The intellect which lights up that pale and placid countenance, bestows on it a life and loveliness, a grandeur and a majesty, to which no complexion, however brilliant—no features, however faultless, can aspire. The expression of her countenance, when in repose, is deeply melancholy. That dark, soft sad eye, tells a tale of past sorrow and suffering. But the expression about the mouth, when speaking, is frank, and singularly winning; and in

conversation on any favourite topic, her eye lights up with living lustre. At these moments she bears no faint resemblance to Pasta.

Her strongest characteristic seemed to be that of the most intense affection for her children. Her eldest boy is a lad of high and extraordinary promise. If life be spared, there requires no second sight to affirm, that he will emulate his mother's fame.

Endowed with a vivid eye for scenery—an imagination capable of appreciating it—a fine, healthy, cheerful tone of mind, and deep religious impressions—the conversation of Mrs. Hemans is a treat few would not travel miles to enjoy. I can only give one or two examples. These are far from doing her the justice she deserves, or I desire.

"Yes, Mr. —— has succeeded. The darling wish of his heart is gratified. He

is in Parliament. Alas! are the successful happy? Is it known at what a wreck of health, of quiet, and, with some, even of honour, they have succeeded? Have they preserved their friends? Have they betrayed no principles? Has there been no sacrifice of integrity? Has no obloquy followed them? Is their heart still to them an unsilenced monitor—a warning friend?"

* * * * * *

"When two hearts united by long, tried, and valued friendship, are divorced by death, *'tis the survivor dies.*"

* * * * * *

The plant and the animal reach their maturity before they perish; but the soul is plainly only in the infancy of her powers, when the body falls a victim to disease. The shadows of the grave, as they gather around the brow of genius, I am ever tempted to view with a degree of melancholy satisfaction. To me they are a fresh

proof, if I wanted one, of the truth of the doctrine of the resurrection. I ask myself, "Would God have created such a glorious being in vain? Can he have struck off from himself so bright a ray of intelligence, only to extinguish it in a moment, and for ever?"

MY GRANDMOTHER GAYHURST.

> "Your apropos is a most faithless figure of speech. What is he but an insinuating rogue of a Frenchman, who, give him an inch will take an ell? slides himself into company where he is not the least expected, obtaining his welcome by never appearing to doubt it."—
>
> LORD NUGENT.

THERE is one member of our coterie, whom it were unpardonable to pass over in silence—my Grandmother Gayhurst.

Germaine Gayhurst, or, (as he was more frequently designated) "my Grandmother Gayhurst," from circumstances which will be detailed hereafter, was a phænomenon in this naughty world, a faultless Cantab.

Marvellously neat in his person—fastidious in his furniture – punctual to a moment in his engagements, and precise to an inch in the length of his walks, he piqued himself upon "*never having committed, to his knowledge, a solitary violation of social decorum.*" His lectures punctually attended to, and carefully prepared for; his academicals on no occasion thrown aside, and the proctors most dutifully capped; with what enviable self-complacency did he dilate upon his rigid observance of propriety, during the entire period of his university career!

Safe, for him, were the college grass-plots; foreign to him were the names of college impositions; the proctor's stern injunction, "*Call upon me, at my rooms, at twelve, to-morrow, sir,*" was a summons he knew only by rumour; and a tutor's reprimand *he had understood* was disagreeable; but these were indignities it was

never likely *he* should be called upon to undergo. He "thanked God the whole current of his life was against them!" If ever there was a self-righteous sinner upon earth, it was my "Grandomther Gayhurst!"

Alas, that great men should have their weaknesses! Oh, that mortality could be without them! Gayhurst had his. He abhorred company, but delighted in a quiet listener. Nothing could be more grateful to him than to talk of himself; and, *after himself*, of his grandmother. His auditor on these occasions, was a lieutenant in the navy, half of whose jaw had been shot away on board the *Minden*, who could never keep up with the pace of Gayhurst's tongue, and to whom, at times, it was extremely inconvenient to talk at all. This prince of patient listeners, was a man of singularly grave and saturnine appearance, who used to sail about Cambridge in his

full-sleeved, fellow-commoner's gown, with an air of ineffable dignity, as may be inferred from the following fact. A sailor, belonging to the Minden, on his way to Lynn, had stumbled upon Cambridge, and having lost his coach, was wandering among the colleges, with a ludicrous look of the most maudlin amazement. On a sudden he caught a glimpse of his quondam lieutenant; recognized him; and shouted out, "Holloa, shipmate, what cheer?" Mr. Pinkerton, who, *when he could talk*, had a very kind, warm-hearted manner of expressing himself, replied by asking Jack "What had brought him there—if he was in any difficulty—how he was getting on?" "Badly, d—d badly;—but, *how'siver* you seem to have a snug berth of it, my lord!" "My lord! why, for whom do you take me?" "Why," rejoins Jack, staring with all his eyes; "with such a full sail, and all those *jinkumbobs* flying about ye, what the

—— should I take you for, but what you know you are—A BISHOP!"

Such was Mr. Pinkerton; an auditor after Gayhurst's own heart, the most patient and persevering of listeners. It is time, however, to return to the lady whose virtues, Gayhurst was so fond of commemorating. Lady Gayhurst seems to have been worthy of the honour of being Germaine's grandmother. She was a woman of considerable discernment, singular beauty, and undaunted spirit. Of this last qualification she gave a memorable specimen at her first introductory ball. A young officer of rank, who had drank more than he ought to have done, was, at his own earnest request, introduced to her; and, after endeavouring, but in vain, to persuade her to dance with him, was so carried away by his admiration of her loveliness, as to attempt to salute her neck. Fired by the puppy's impertinence, she instantly slapped

his face. When questioned why she had ventured on so strong and summary a measure, a line of conduct, dictated, surely, by the impulse of the moment, and which, on reflection, her cooler judgment must condemn: "condemn?" replied the high-spirited woman; "approve, you mean. Impulse had nothing to do with it. An instant's reflection proved to me the peril I was in, and pointed out how I could escape it. I have two brothers—dear, loved brothers, both soldiers, whose lives are far too precious to be put in jeopardy by the freaks of such a popinjay. It was *my* quarrel,—*mine*, alone; I have taken it upon myself and avenged it."

Soon after these justly-idolized brothers had fallen, both in the same engagement, she received overtures of a certain description, from (what a man, by all accounts, that must have been!) his royal highness the Prince of Wales. She paused a few mo-

ments in indignant astonishment, and dashed away a tear from her eye. Then rising, she replied, and pointed, as she spoke, to her dress of deep mourning, "But for the battle of Seringapatam, your Royal Highness DARED not have thus insulted me." The proposition and her reproof got wind. Some of the court-gossips mentioned it to the Queen. Her Majesty, ever ready to view with the most gracious approbation, her who maintained the honour of her sex, expressed some desire to see the young lady, and she was accordingly presented at court. It was there she saw, for the first time, him, whose chief happiness she constituted for twenty years—Major Gayhurst. They were married. She accompanied him abroad; went, on one occasion, as a flag of truce, to demand him in an exchange of prisoners: at another, sought him out, when he lay bathed in blood on the field of battle, and finally saved his life, during the retreat of Corun-

na, at the expence of an unsightly wound, the scar of which she prized above all her jewels, and carried, as she hoped she should, to her grave.

Affluent and honoured—for Queen Charlotte was steady in her friendships, and never forgot the woman who had so magnanimously repulsed her son, Lady Gayhurst basked in the full sunshine of royal favour, to the latest moment of her life, and closed her eventful career at the age of forty-seven, in the full possession of her personal charms.

For these she was distinguished to the last. The Russian Emperor, Alexander, on his visit to the British metropolis, was repeatedly found in her society, and more than once avowed his preference, though in somewhat singular terms. "I am charmed with my Lady Gayhurst—*such a fine, audacious-looking woman!*"

To reminiscences of this distinguished

individual, the conversation of Gayhurst, whenever he condescended to open his lips on any other subject but himself, unfailingly referred. Be the topic started grave or gay—religious, or profane—the speech of a statesman, or the bye play of an actress —the Medea of Madame Pasta, or Macculloch on political economy—Mr. Chevallier's sermons at St. Mary's or Mercandotti's bolero at the King's Theatre—it invariably closed with an "apropos of my Grandmother Gayhurst."

This title, then, became his own; he was judged to have the most indisputable claim to it. Some, indeed, contended that an instance of metempsychosis had occurred, and that Germaine was my Grandmother Gayhurst *rediviva*. I have my private reasons for doubting this conclusion;—but, forward! On one eventful evening, he and the silent lieutenant were seated, as usual, over their cool bottle of

claret, and Germaine was dwelling on the last maiden moments of his grandmother, and the advice given by the Queen to her favourite, the evening before her marriage, when a formal tap was heard at the outer door, answered by the usual rough "Come in," and a stranger made his appearance, armed with the following missive.

"The Vice-Chancellor desires your personal attendance, to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock precisely, at Bennet Lodge."

"For what purpose?"

"Why, sir, to answer a very grave charge brought against you of insulting two young women, and then assaulting their father."

"Pooh! pooh!" says my grandmother, with an air of the most exquisite hauteur; "you are altogether mistaken, and should have known your purpose better. The rooms of the *varmint* men are on the opposite staircase. I know nothing—nothing

of the Vice-Chancellor; and never soil my hands in such dirty transactions. I am busy. Shut the door."

"Pray, sir," persists the messenger, "is your name Gayhurst?"

"It is."

"Then to you, sir, and to no other, is my message. You'll be good enough to attend to it." And the minion withdrew with a grin.

For an instant my grandmother was speechless. It was an instant only: and even that was a long interval for her vocal powers to fail her.

"I'll appeal to my tutor instantly."— And in five minutes she stood in that functionary's presence.

Mr. —— listened to his pupil's statement with polite and imperturbable composure. At its close, he snuffed the candles neatly and deliberately; then poked the fire, long and scientifically; next adjusted the cu-

shions, carefully, of his easy chair; and at length murmured slowly—"The story is not new to me. I have heard the facts before. They have *pained* me."

And as he said this, Germaine looked at his sullen, cold, grey eyes, and motionless marble visage, and thought that, to him, joy and sorrow, and surprise and disappointment, must have long been strangers; for that every approach to feeling seemed dead within him.

To Gayhurst's immeasurable and inconceivable surprize, he appeared to believe he was the aggressor. To his indignant disavowal of any knowledge or share in the transaction, the man of marble replied—"Precisely so. That, I believe, is the usual course adopted on these occasions." He agreed with his afflicted narrator, that "it was an unpleasant business:—he wished him well through it." He "whose conduct in college had been so correct;

proficiency in his studies so respectable; and career, till now, satisfactory." My grandmother winced most horribly.—" It was singular that such a wanton violation of all academical discipline should be carried home to him." My grandmother shook with fury.—" The caput were now resolved on visiting such offences with expulsion. They were right in so doing. He believed he could suggest nothing further that would be of use to him; and he wished him good evening."

Boiling with suppressed indignation, Gayhurst hurried to the rooms of the junior tutor, hoping that more might be made of him. The junior had a merry twinkle in his eye, and a sharp-pointed, turn-up nose —loved a joke, and was shrewdly suspected of heightening my grandmother's perplexity, and, withal, enjoying it. He appeared to take a more dismal view of the matter than even his superior. " Unless,

Mr. Gayhurst, you can distinctly prove an alibi, I am afraid you will make nothing of it. Where were you when this assault was committed?"

"What assault? Where was it committed? State, unless you wish me to lose my senses altogether, both time and place."

"The time, was six o'clock on Monday evening;—the place, Grantchester Road."

My grandmother's courage failed her. At that very hour had she been walking alone in that very direction; and having leaped, not *over* a ditch, but *into* it, her face had got scratched, and her dress dirty and deranged—all which, as circumstantial evidence, might go against her. While she hesitated what to say, her tormentor added, in a low, sympathizing voice, "Ah! I see 'tis a bad business. Of its fatal termination, I cannot doubt. Take my advice, Mr. Gayhurst. Put yourself in immediate communication with your friends."

My grandmother returned to her rooms half distracted. "Put myself in immediate communication with my friends, indeed!"—repeated he with bitter emphasis to his speechless confidant of the Minden—"if life remains in me to-morrow morning, I'll put myself in communication with my late grandmother Gayhurst's solicitor, and indict the whole set next term for conspiracy."

"Consider the expense," with great difficulty muttered he of the Minden.

After a sleepless night,—"Never," said my grandmother, "have I endured such complicated agonies in the course of one short twelve hours;"—accompanied by the silent lieutenant, she presented herself at Bennet, at the hour appointed. Her small, sharp, angry-looking eyes flashed fire as she capped the Vice-Chancellor. Dr. Lamb, notwithstanding his extraordinary outbreak against the heads of the

church, on the hustings at Cambridge, during Captain York's election, is a mild, tolerant, affable man; and calmly pointed out to Gayhurst the charge brought against him. He had used some very equivocal language, and taken some unauthorized freedoms with the pretty daughters of a country farmer, on the Grantchester Road. Upon their declining his assiduities, and calling for help on their father, who was at a little distance behind them, this saucy admirer had, on the old man's coming up, used no equivocal language to *him*, but literally knocked him down. "This," Mr. Vice observed, "was a serious aggravation of the original offence." Nor was this all. On Mr. —— rising from the ground to remonstrate, Mr. Gayhurst repeated the experiment, and he again kissed the dust.

It was now my grandmother's turn to talk, and she availed herself of it largely. A simple, strong, unqualified denial was

altogether insufficient for her purpose. She appealed to the past, the present, and the future. She dwelt on her descent—her grandmother—her own conduct at college—her past life and conversation—her manners—her studious habits—her delicate health—her aversion to improper language—her disinclination to all rows—her stated walks, invariably, save on this fatal evening, in one and the self-same direction;—she then uttered the most dreadful threats of indictments for perjury—for conspiracy;—talked about a criminal information and a mandamus in the Court of King's Bench—of the twelve Judges in a mass, and the Attorney-General in particular—and vowed there was not a court in the kingdom, nor a pillory, that these parties should not become acquainted with!

The Vice-Chancellor seemed amazed. He in vain endeavoured to interrupt her: she only shook her head, drew breath, and

proceeded. He twice uttered a few words: she never heeded them: she but raised her voice, and hurried on. There seemed no want of words, of will, or of matter; and the Doctor having three several times vainly attempted to bring her to her bearings, threw himself back in his chair, and laughed involuntarily.

"Confront us," at last screamed my grandmother. "Let me face my accusers."

"Certainly," said the Vice; and directions were given accordingly. The door opened, and the prosecutor walked in. He was a short, stubby, ponderous looking man. His head was tied up in a red pocket handkerchief, and his visage most woefully mauled. All parties looked at each other in the utmost astonishment.

"This is Mr. Gayhurst. Is this the gownsman, who so shamefully insulted you?"

"He! Lord love ye!" exclaimed the

prosecutor, with a look of the deepest pity for the Vice Chancellor's understanding— "He! what that little respectable looking gentleman knock me down!—the Lord preserve ye! I could floor a dozen of such little whipper-snappers. No, no! The man *as* kissed both my *darters,* and then twice took the wind out of me, would make three of him. Bless ye! he was six foot high, or near upon it.

"But this," said the Vice Chancellor, endeavouring to preserve his gravity, "this is Mr. Gayhurst."

"Dear heart! well now, to think of that. The villain has done me after all: he told me his name was Gayhurst, of —— college. I never thought of doubting him. He said too, "You'll have no difficulty in finding me; I'm well known. *I'm the most correct man in the whole University.*"

The trick was out. The farmer had been first thrashed, and then hoaxed. The

transgressor, whoever he was, who had thus bitterly satirized my Grandmother, was never detected, though shrewdly surmised.

She drew herself up on the termination of the proceedings with great dignity. She took her leave in silence. She scorned to waste one word upon the Vice, on the farmer, or on his daughters, who gazed upon her with considerable interest, as she went her way. On gaining the street, she remarked to the silent officer of the Minden, "In the whole course of my life I never heard, never met, I never knew any circumstance at all parallel to this, except one in the eventful career of my grandmother Gayhurst. I'll tell it you as we walk along. My grandmother" ——

ST. HELENA

AND

SIR HUDSON LOWE.

"There are situations in which a man appears spell-bound by the visionary perils which enthral him."

BURKE ON A REGICIDE PEACE.

TIME, which divorces the monarch from his sceptre, the mistress from her lover, and the student from his *Alma-Mater*, severed me from my amusing companion. I lost sight of Gayhurst for some years. Truth to say, his talkative, sprightly, trifling existence was fast fading from my memory, when, on a summer evening in the park,

a whiskered, martial, austere-looking man challenged my recognition. It was Gayhurst—Gayhurst in undress. He had been abroad; had seen some service; had spent fifteen long, interminable months with his regiment at St. Helena. He was considerably altered. His step was no longer light and buoyant: his gloriously self-complacent smile had deserted him: *and he had actually forgotten his grandmother!* Nor had change ended at this particular point. His clear, shrill, trumpet-like voice had become thick and wheezy. And he remarked that his medical attendants had hinted to him the propriety of sparing himself in conversation, or laying his account for a pulmonary affection.

To the opinion of these gentlemen, I must say he appeared to pay little deference; for on my asking him a question relative to the personal character of the Governor, away he rattled.—

Sir Hudson Lowe was a kind-hearted man. Certainly, as Buonaparte used to observe, his face was not prepossessing. Did you ever see him? No. Then you have a treat to come. He is one of the most extraordinary looking animals ever viewed out of a menagerie. His eyes are at right angles: his cheek-bones square and enormous. He walks wretchedly ill: as unlike a military man as Sheil is to a life-guards-man, or Joseph Hume to the Duke of Newcastle.*

At his own table he was painfully silent. Lady Lowe was a lively, pleasant woman: had a great deal to say on most subjects, and said it well. No effort was spared on her part to relieve Sir Hudson's reserve, and to make his parties pleasant. I pitied her—for there was little society. To be sure Sir George and Lady Bingham were on the island; but somehow or other, they and Sir Hudson did not hit it.

Unquestionably, nothing could be more irritating, and puerile, and paltry, than the line of conduct Buonaparte adopted. A day never passed without his making a complaint of one kind or other. Three sentries were posted over him in the day-time: and it was our unceasing aim and endeavour to keep them out of his sight. Sir Hudson desired us to humour his fancies in every particular consistent with his security. These are the Governor's own words:—The prisoner memorialized, petitioned, remonstrated day by day, and hour by hour. The position of the guard was a fertile source of complaint. The sentry was placed on the top of the hill—or too near his own door—or overlooked him from this point, or from that. In fact, it was the study, or rather the misery of our lives, to contrive that, of these sentries, it should not be possible for him to obtain a view.

Seventeen sentries were posted around

his house at sunset, and twenty-three after dusk—about nine o'clock.

A subaltern's guard was stationed at the entrance of Longwood, about six hundred paces from the house; and a cordon of sentinels and picquets was placed around the limits. At *nine* o'clock the sentinels were drawn in, and stationed in close communication with each other, surrounding the house so completely, that no person could come in or go out without being seen and scrutinized by them. At the entrance of the building, double sentinels were placed; and patroles were continually passing backwards and forwards. After nine at night, Napoleon was not at liberty to leave the house, unless in company with a field officer; and no person whatever was allowed to pass without the countersign. This was the state of things till day-light in the morning.

Much has been said, and very unfairly,

about Sir Hudson's moroseness. The fact is, he did not know whom to trust. Balcomb, the purveyor, with whom the Governor was most intimate, on whom he showered many favours, and who was in the habit of dining frequently at Government House—he, we found, had actually, in the meat with which he furnished Buonaparte, sent notes, and papers, and letters; and by these means, a secret and active correspondence was carried on between the exile and his adherents in France. There was another point which was a constant source of disquiet to Sir Hudson—the facility which Buonaparte possessed of attaching to his interests, and cajoling over to his purposes, men who to all appearance were incorruptible. Two officers were sent home on this very account. The affair of Stokoe and that of O'Meara are well known.

Stokoe's case presents some curious fea-

tures. He was most unwilling to accept the appointment. When over persuaded by Sir Hudson, he yielded with great reluctance, and in doing so, offered the utmost violence to his own feelings. He went to the guard-house. There was no officer to introduce him, and he returned home, delighted that the interview had been delayed. Sir Hudson flattered himself he could depend implicitly upon Stokoe's strict observance of that line of conduct towards Napoleon which befitted a British officer. He had not been a week about Buonaparte's person before he was cajoled over, and in his reports termed him the "Emperor."

This was the first cause of dissension between the Governor and Napoleon. The former had positive instructions sent out from England, that his charge was to be styled "*General Buonaparte.*" Such were his orders; and he was bound to respect them himself, and oblige others to obey them.

O'Meara was a clever fellow: he was "wise in his generation."

"Wise? Why he was dismissed the service!"

The best thing that ever happened to him. For this fortunate disaster he received a most liberal consideration from Buonaparte's family. He went to Vienna, and how the ex-emperor's relatives rewarded him, let the style in which he lives testify. Moreover, he did not utter his "*Voice from St. Helena*" for a song. His plate is abundant and valuable; much of it avowedly from the imperial family. It has been currently reported, and never met by any contradiction, that he enjoys a pension from the Austrian court. At all events, his equipage and establishment bear abundant evidence how well his fortunes have thriven since he ceased to be an assistant-surgeon.

I do not deny that Sir Hudson felt his

own responsibility deeply, and that it had a most unfortunate influence on his manners and conversation. I have heard him observe more than once, that "if an escape from St. Helena be practicable, Buonaparte is the man to effect it. I cannot help thinking that if the ex-emperor lives, a plan will be matured for his escape; that it will fail is what I will stake my life upon."

Still, though he may not be able to recount the minute details of a plot, Sir Hudson, nevertheless, has, to my own personal knowledge, good grounds for asserting, that a short time previous to the ex-emperor's death there was some grand movement projected; that the party at Longwood had some distinct and well defined object in view, for which they were all labouring in concert, and to accomplish which they wrote for and they received large sums of money. Through what channel these heavy

remittances reached the island, we could never make out. Madame Bertrand was a desperate plotter. Like Boniface and his ale, she lived upon plots. They were her dream by day, her vision by night. It was droll to listen to the opinions reciprocally entertained of each other by the Governor and this *veritable intriguante.* "That woman," said Sir Hudson, "is one mass of deceit. She does not know what candour or frankness means."—"Ah! dat vile Sir Hudson, he pretend to care for de Empe-ror's health—ma foi, he be von great aypri-cote."* Bertrand, her husband, plotted too, with all the energy his miserable intellect was capable of exerting. Much of the dissensions at St. Helena may be attributed to the dirty misrepresentations of this des-picable man. He was by turns a bully, brawler, liar, coward—and occasionally all in one. Of the party, Montholon was the

* Query *hypocrite?*

quietest, most reasonable, and most gentlemanly.

Buonaparte lost his life by his own obstinacy. He persisted in confining himself to the house, and renouncing all exercise. The only time he could be prevailed upon to stir out was at sunset: then he would walk for a few minutes in his garden, as no one could see him.

Let the Whig party say what they will, Sir Hudson was any thing but indifferent to Buonaparte's comfort. He persisted in shewing him attention and courtesy, till his civilities were thrown back upon him with insult. No part of the Governor's conduct has been more calumniated than that which referred to Napoleon's new residence. I can take upon myself to assert, that during the whole period I was there, a year and nine months, the Governor invariably went down every day, hurrying and encouraging the men employed in erecting it—doing

every thing in his power to expedite the progress of the work — suggesting little comforts and conveniences as they occurred to him — and proving by deeds, not words, his anxiety to have the house well and properly finished.

The fatigue duty was excessive. The soldiers employed in building Napoleon's house had treble pay: they deserved it. It was a horrid station, even for an officer. We were on duty every other night — leading a life of incessant exertion—fagging, watching, examining, guarding at all times and hours, under a sky so confoundedly humid, that about half a dozen times in the twenty-four hours we were wet to the skin. Then provisions of every kind were so dear, that to an officer, with no other resource but his pay, residence on the island was little short of ruin. To be sure, we managed better at last. Sir Hudson permitted us to send for necessaries from the Cape.

Eventually we had our own sheep; but at first they charged each of us for our living twenty-five shillings *per diem!* In fact, we were completely at their mercy.

Yet, despite of the climate, which was wretched, and the constant, drizzly, soaking, dripping shower, which was a dreadful drawback on comfort, the place was decidedly healthy. Of our division, five hundred strong, not one died in the year. At James' Town, where O'Meara recommends Buonaparte's house to have been built, the mortality, on an average, was one daily. Yet what prevented us dying by wholesale, in a climate cursed with perpetual fog or rain, and perched upon a rock, on which you could not ride a mile without being completely wet through—is to me as much matter of mystery as the man in the iron mask.

I have detailed to you the precautions that were adopted—that there were two

ships of war continually cruising off the island, one to windward the other to leeward—that their boats were paddling about in one direction or another all night—that if boats of any description came within a certain distance the sentries were ordered to fire upon them—that if these sentries had been corrupted, the batteries were ready to perform the same office—that the moment a ship hove in sight the naval officer in command issued orders that all the ships' boats were to be drawn up to her side—that in order to prevent all egress, clandestinely, from the rock, every fishing-boat belonging to the island was numbered and anchored every evening at sunset under the superintendence of a lieutenant in the navy—in fact, that the strictest and most ceaseless vigilance was enjoined and observed. You will laugh when I tell you that in defiance of all this a madcap fellow, a Lieutenant Lloyd, actually surprised the

island—positively, and personally landed and took possession. It was an unaccountable affair, and made Sir Hudson wretched. Some said the sentry was asleep—others that he had deserted his post—others again that he was drunk. He was brought to a regimental court-martial; but the matter was so disagreeable in every point of view, that as little was said about it as possible, and the affair was hushed up with the utmost delicacy and diligence. The party at Longwood were in ecstacies at the event. Madame Bertrand daily made the most dutiful inquiries after Sir Hudson, and expressed supreme anxiety to learn how he bore the capture of the island. "Badly enough," heaven knows!

The most deplorable part of our duty, though that is a nice point to determine where every thing was detestable, was that which appertained to the officer more immediately charged with Buonaparte's se-

curity. There was a guard stationed at Hut's Gate under direction of a subaltern, whose province it was to be cognizant of and report to Sir Hudson, the ex-emperor's actual presence on the island. Madame Betrand lived at, or near, Hut's Gate; and her manœuvres and misrepresentations had neither cessation nor limit. Captain Blakeney had at one time the disagreeable post. The pay to be sure was good. You had a guinea a day over and above your regular regimental pay. But you were entirely away from your regiment—isolated in every sense of the word—in a most cheerless situation, and blessed with the comfortable conviction that every thing you said, did, or ordered, would be opposed, perverted, misrepresented, and misconstrued. Blakeney was a man of few words—stern and decided—and managed the exile well. But on his giving it up Sir Hudson had great difficulty in finding a successor. He ob-

tained one at last. ——— undertook it. He was a great friend of the governor, who fancied that for him ——— would submit to any thing. He served a year, and then resigned, remarking, "*the post was fit for neither man nor devil.*"

Take the following as a sample of the agreeables connected with it.

Bertrand would come down in the morning with a long face, and report—"The emperor could get no sleep on account of the rats; the emperor's provisions were all consumed by means of mice; the emperor's clothes were all rotting in consequence of the damp; the emperor's health was declining from the effect of the climate; we were gradually destroying him; and were, in fact, his murderers."

Bertrand was an accomplished liar. On the explosion of some outrageous fib, Sir George Bingham called a meeting of the regiment, and the result was that the mili-

tary, one and all, scouted Bertrand completely. The vagabond used occasionally to take up his pen and write the most insolent notes, of which the material was falsehood, and the garnishings impudence. He was a happy specimen of a man raised from the ranks.

Don't imagine I was a favourite of Sir Hudson because I defend him. I was not. He disliked me. He fancied, poor unfortunate man, who had no conversational powers of his own! *that I talked too much.* To be short, he told me so. It was an error, and I forgave it. That he was not the morose, cruel, hard-hearted savage he has been represented, this out of many similar instances will prove to you. When a new purveyor succeeded Balcomb, and died soon after his appointment, leaving his family in most necessitous circumstances, Sir Hudson took the son into his own house; kept him there two years; and then gave

him a commission in our regiment. For this act of real friendship he had no more claim upon the governor than I had.

But I must be off. The regiment is ordered to India. We are to sail on Friday. I am so overwhelmed with official arrangements! Not a man of business amongst them but myself. If any thing were to happen to me I really——Good evening.

And Gayhurst hurried off with a rapid shuffle.

Above fifteen months afterwards I learnt he had died as president of a court-martial in India, after ten days close sitting, *very suddenly and in consequence of* "OVER EXERTION." What kind of over exertion that was my readers will have no difficulty in determining.

SPANISH BEAUTY

AND

BRITISH BOLDNESS.

"A ship is a prison in which is incurred the risk of being drowned."—Dr. Johnson.

You ask me which was my first ship? Alas, there is that—both of joy and of woe—which forbids me ever to forget it.

You know I am one of the fortunate few, who, though born a younger brother, have risen rapidly in my profession, through female influence. I had been made a com-

mander nine months, and had not yet attained my twenty-second year, when my fair relative *demanded* and procured for me the command of H.M. sloop, *Sappho*, an eighteen gun brig, which had nearly been spoilt by turning her into a sloop, with a third mast.

It was true that at the time I obtained this command, there were hundreds of old officers, senior to me by many years, men with large families, to whom an adddition of pay would have been 'a matter of the most material importance—men, whose acknowledged merit and long service had earned promotion, and whose skill and experience would have adorned it. What mattered it? My accomplished relation possessed the ear of the premier—asked and obtained.

Having gone down to Portsmouth to view *my ship*—since the first lieutenant had hoisted the pennant instead of myself—

I found him (his name was Boltrope) sufficiently old to have been my father; and the ship nearly ancient enough to have been my birth-place.

The second lieutenant, Mr. Grudge, was sufficiently servile to those above him, for me to pronounce him a bully to those beneath him.

The surgeon seemed clever, and the purser smart: while the *mids*. were as mischievous as I could possibly desire. Thus convinced that all things were in proper training, I gave my first lieutenant some directions as to how my cabin should be fitted up, and leaving my address in town, begged he would write whenever he required my opinion.

The next day I returned to Dover-street.

"Lady Edward ——," said the footman, the second morning after my arrival, announcing a name that stilled the pulsations of my heart, only to make them bound

more tumultuously for the pause. Fifteen years had nearly elapsed since I last beheld her in all the dazzling light and bloom of beauty. I need not say that I was a mere child. Once more, then, we were to meet, but ah! in situations how different. Then a girl of seventeen, and the object of feelings, which, though vehement, I was too young to understand. She had been staying with my sisters, at our happy home. After a period, which, like all intervals of happiness, seemed but too fleeting, I returned to school. One day a packet of bride-cake arrived—joyously I opened it—conceive my bitterness—she was married! And now she stood before me. The full and rounded form was hers—the air of finished breeding—the step of commanding ease and dignity; the girl, in fact, had vanished, but the matured and lovely woman had supplied her place.

I gazed on her features. They spoke

but slightly of the years flown by. The nose was, perhaps, more inclined to be Roman—the former playfulness of the mouth was slightly subdued—and the smile less joyous.

Springing forward, our hands met. "My dear Charles, what an old woman I must be! Was it not as yesterday that you were—but no—you never could have been a boy—a child I might say, were I not afraid of insulting your dignity."

"Oh, not so, Lady Edward, I love the recollections of my childhood, and all that was associated with them."

"I rejoice to hear it. My purpose in coming hither is in some measure connected with my past recollections of you—is, in fact to put these feelings to the test. In short, I have a boon to beg."

"It is yours before you name it."

"Ah, Charles, that is so like your chivalry! It consists of a request that you

will undertake the charge of my only child, Cassillis, for six months. He has conceived a most violent desire for a sailor's life, and I imagined, that by sending him for a short voyage with a friend on whom I could rely, this ridiculous fancy would be effectually cured."

"I think I understand your plan. You wish me to give him a practical experience of the hardships of our profession, taking ample care to secure him from all harm. You may depend upon me. I thoroughly comprehend your wishes, and, in a few months, I doubt not I shall be able to return him to your care, as complete a landsman as you could wish."

"Your kindness, Charles, is not less than I had anticipated. I owe you many thanks, and will confide all the minor arrangements to your management. Cassillis shall call on you to-morrow: be kind to him, if only for—"

"His mother's sake. Lady Edward, believe me, I will."

She pressed my hand, and hurriedly descended to her carriage.

The next morning my young charge called upon me. He was about thirteen: in form—in face—and expression, a noble-looking creature: "But," thought I, "too like his mother for my own peace; and too gentle, and confiding, and delicate for so boisterous a profession as ours."

At length my ship was pronounced ready for sea: and taking Cassillis down with me to Portsmouth, we sailed for Cadiz. My usual fortune had procured for me the execution of some secret service there, and I resolved to turn it to the best advantage.

The approach to Cadiz is singularly flat. You barely behold its white walls rising above the flat surrounding country, while the difficult navigation makes it appear as though it were never to be reached. As

Cassillis was not destined to remain in the navy, I allowed him the full range of my cabin, as well as the privilege of accompanying me to the various houses where I had letters of introduction. One of the many to whose civilities I had been pointedly recommended, was Don Manuel D'Istrados, a Spanish nobleman, whom the women courted for the sake of his wealth, and the men for the beauty of his daughters.

Lovely among the loveliest of Spanish eyes, were those of the Senoras Inez and Estella D'Istrados. Inez was all that one can conceive of gentleness. Estella one exhaustless store of harmless vivacity.

"What will become of me!" was the observation of the latter one evening, uttered in a tone of mock despair. "My lovers desert me. Day after day witnesses some diminution in their numbers." And

she looked around despairingly at a crowd of gay cavaliers, who seemed to hang upon her accents. "How can I swell the ranks of my avowed adorers?"

"What, are there not enough in that predicament already?"

"Enough! Oh no. I have a few, a very few, to be sure. But in Spain, sir Stranger, an interminable list of adorers forms a necessary part of a lady's cortege; without which it would be as impossible for her to appear in public, as to go to mass without a veil. However, I believe I must retire from the field, and leave it to my silent, gentle sister Inez, who seems to carry all before her."

"Nay, sister, you should be contented with half the hearts in Cadiz: and if a British conquest be your especial wish, it is gratified—since our little pupil, Cassillis, looks as though he would devour every word you utter. You know the earliest

lesson he would learn was from your lips—'*I love you.*'

"Oh, as to our little handsome Cassillis, he belongs to us both, as a matter of course—a mutual conquest—a handsome plaything." And the blushing Estella imprinted a kiss on the forehead of my protegé, that reminded me of earlier and happier days.

"Enviable child!" sighed the Count Venequelez, who was rightly supposed to be one of her most favoured admirers.

"And why enviable, Senor Count? Be not jealous, or I shall account you ungrateful. But here comes my father."

I was not long in discovering that both sisters had conceived no slight partiality for Cassillis' blue eyes; and I, mindful for him of former hours of bliss, and not altogether oblivious of the present for myself, had consented to their petition, and allowed my youngster to become their pupil in the

Spanish language—well knowing that in him I should find a most faithful and apt Mercury. Nor was I deceived. So that his Majesty's cause and my own progressed with equal rapidity. The palace of D'Istrados was situated in the northern suburb of the town—bounded on one side by an orangery, and on the other by large and luxuriant gardens, such as are only to be seen in a warm climate. A gentle rise of the circumjacent ground gave a commanding view of the harbour, shipping, and distant sea.

"I cannot conceive in nature a lovelier spot than this, nor aught that would make a more enchanting picture than yourself and present occupation"—was my exclamation to the beauteous being who, resting on my arm for safety, scattered crumbs to the golden fish sporting in the miniature lake below.

The basin—around it ran a splendid

marble parapet—was fifty yards in length, and was half arched over in a longitudinal manner; but the masonry had been artfully hidden, and covered with moss, shells, and unhewn stones. Betwixt these, many a scented flower and geranium, and blossoming shrub, spring up in wild luxuriance. The soil having been placed over this artificial grot, which was intended to keep the water cool, and refresh the fish with its shadow, orange and lemon trees towered above, filled with blossom, und perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance.

But to return to the graceful being who was herself the main attraction of the spot. Looking up at my inquiry, she replied, with a smile, " I am glad to see you have a dash of romance in your disposition. It makes me fancy I have some feelings in unison with your own. Spanish girls, you know, are beings composed entirely of love and romance."

"Ah," replied I, with a sigh, "your loveliness creates that, go where you will: but in this paradise of a country which God has given to you for a home, creatures far inferior are subjected to its influence. I hold the world to be a vast confused chaos of sorrow, upon the succession of whose waves our barks are tossed incessantly. Moments of calm—bright, blissful calm—we meet with certainly; and this is one. The shortness of life has always delighted me. I beheld in it the goal of my sorrows. Now, for the first time, I would accept of immortality. But it should be solely on the condition that this hour of tranquillity and bliss were stretched into an eternity. The same sun, sky, grove, lake, and bower—each object that surrounds me, should remain. Nor would I desire aught in addition, save that my nature should be sufficiently raised or ennobled never to repine,

but ever to enjoy it keenly and gratefully as I do at this moment."

"Very fine indeed!" said Estella, who had come up to us unperceived, attended by the Count Venequelez. "What would I give for an officer who would think it worth his while thus to astonish me?"

For the next ten days the king's duty prevented my seeing either Don Manuel or his daughters: when I did—there was a coolness and evident alteration in his manner. While pondering over this change I learnt that he had fixed upon two rich Hidalgos, men of his own age, for the husbands of his daughters; and that the ceremony was to take place early in the ensuing week.

Half distracted by this intelligence I summoned Cassillis and desired he would put his talents in requisition to procure me an interview. With considerable difficulty he succeeded. "*I might see her for the*

last time at nine in the orangery that evening."

"Two words to that," said I as I hastily prepared for the interview.

"Shall we wait for you, sir?" said my sturdy and weather-beaten old coxswain.

"No. There, Bowline, there's half-a-dollar. You may take the boats' crew round to Garcias Lopez (a wine-seller.) You are responsible; and he who gets drunk to-night, gets flogged to-morrow. You understand me. Now give way."

I leapt on shore; the crew touched their hats—murmured "thank your honour"—took to their oars—and the well-built galley, glancing over the phosphorescent water, vanished amid the shadows of the unruffled bay. The dim outline of my beautiful bark was just visible, as her light mast and taut gear came between me and the rays of a bright star beyond. The

passing breeze conveyed to my ear the merry sound of a fife, and the faint shuffle of my seamen's feet, dancing in their wild and harmless mirth upon the forecastle. A feeling of pride and love, only to be imagined by a sailor, stole over my heart; pride, as my conscience praised me for diffusing the joy of my own breast among those beneath my command; and love for the manly forms and daring spirits that were ready to follow me in my danger, and contribute to my glory.

Precisely at the hour of nine I scaled the postern, and proceeded, by a circuitous path to the orangery. I had waited there some ten minutes—they seemed as many tedious hours—when a light step broke upon my ear, and, in another instant, a female form darkened the entrance. The first formal greeting over:—

"I have heard the sad news," I observed. "This odious marriage, on which your

father has resolved, is, I have ascertained from his own lips, to be celebrated immediately."

"Too true!" she murmured in tremulous tones.

"Remain in Cadiz, and misery will colour the whole of your future life; then, Inez fly: it is your only alternative. Cadiz once left behind, we can be married anywhere. Gibraltar will afford us security; and if a heart devoted to—"

"Urge me not," she interrupted, her whole frame trembling with emotion, "I cannot—I dare not!"

"Then remain, and be the bride of the dotard, the usurer, Don Henriquez."

"No, no, sooner than follow him, the scorn, the *Paria* of Cadiz, to the altar, I would consign myself to that living death, the convent."

"Then trust me, dearest Inez, with your future happiness. Nay, hesitate not. This

is no time for debate. The danger is pressing—admits of no delay. Every moment is precious. Our measures, to be successful, must be prompt."

"But my sister—I cannot leave her. She has ever been my inseparable companion; and in severing my destiny from hers at this dreadful crisis, to what wretchedness do I not consign her? Poor, poor Estella—"

"Shall accompany us. I will seek the Count. If I read his character aright, he will view his present position as I do mine. And your sister—"

She made a feeble attempt to detain me. I disengaged myself with gentle violence, and hurried into the garden. The Count, as I suspected, was not far distant. To explain my determination, was the work of five minutes. It was agreed that we should form a pair of runaway couples; that as my ship was shortly to sail for England, we

should all take refuge on board of her; and finally, that to me should be deputed the task of planning all the particulars of the elopement, and getting them safely on board without discovery. Our councils having terminated, with a brief leave-taking we separated.

"Well, Cassillis, my boy," said I, on regaining my cabin, "I am going to run off with our friends, the Senoras D'Istrados."

"Are you indeed, sir?" said the boy, in a sorrowful tone of voice. "Then what is to become of us—of us who are left behind in the Sappho? Will Mr. Boltrope be our captain?"

"No, Cassillis. No, no. The Senoras are coming on board."

"Delightful! Did you say both the Senoras—Estella, as well as Inez?"

"Ah, my little fellow! sits your fancy that way?—But," I continued, musingly,

"your question reminds me, that if I am suspected of

"Taking away this old man's daughter."

my commission may be called in question, on my return home. The Consul's business will compel me to sail on this day week. I must so arrange it, that the authorities here have no evidence of my knowledge or participation in their escape. Now, Cassillis, I have had abundant proof that you are to be trusted. Do you go ashore to the Don's house, and be in the garden with Estella. At eight I will come to the postern, and deliver the sailors' dresses, which I must make up out of the superfluities of my wardrobe. I leave it to you, youngster, to instruct them as to the mode and manner of wearing them; and to the ladies themselves is given my full license of cutting, altering, and other mysteries of needlecraft necessary to a true fit."

"Leave it to me—leave it to me," was his reply, as he rubbed his hands and capered with glee.

"You must teach them how to walk like true tars; and say they must hold themselves in readiness to start at your signal, on Friday—this day week."

"Depend upon me, sir."

"I do, Cassillis; and should you see, from any circumstances, that you will want money, as the ladies cannot draw on their legitimate banker, let me know. Meanwhile here is more than sufficient for the present exigency."

Thus subsidized, I dispatched him on his errand; and turning to my wardrobe, selected two plain undress jackets, the same number of waistcoats, as well as another certain part of male attire, which, like the word "*negotia*" among the Latins, should seldom be mentioned, though it be readily understood. These preliminaries arranged,

I proceeded to send on board whatever necessaries might conduce to the comfort of my intended passengers.

The day at length arrived, whose tardily approaching evening was to behold us successful or defeated.

"Mr. Boltrope, let me have my boat's crew immediately."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Unmoor directly after I have left the ship; and should I not return by six this evening, trip your anchor, and stand slowly out to sea, until yonder steeple, on the northern outskirts of the town, is brought in one with the towering patch of cypress trees a little to the south of it. If the night be dark, burn a blue light; and keep a sharp look out for my boat. I shall join you there. By the bye, Boltrope, there are three gentlemen, foreigners, friends of mine, who have been involved in some scrape with the police; therefore man the barge at nine,

and send her to the sands yonder, with instructions to land in the little bay where we used to practise our rifles, exactly as you strike three bells. These gentlemen said something about being glad of a retreat, and if we can afford it to the poor devils without endangering ourselves, why, really, my dear Boltrope"—

"Oh, certainly, Captain, we shall be delighted to give 'em a turn, and a berth in our mess; and as to slinging them"—

"About minor details, give yourself no trouble, Boltrope—only get them safely on board—permit no rescue—see them placed in my cabin. Every other arrangement may wait my arrival. By the way, Boltrope, you may, if you like, give each of the boat's crew a cutlass. And now I'm off. Consider my orders as peremptory, and see to their execution."

"Aye, aye, sir."

On reaching the shore, my first care

was to communicate with Count Venequelez.

"Well, Count, how speeds your share of the emprize?"

"Nobly. Every thing is so arranged and guarded for the safe conduct of the ladies to the shore, that by my faith and the martyrdom of the holy San Miguel—who for aught I know died in his bed—it is much if the worshipful Don Manuel does not look for his daughters to-morrow in vain."

"Ha! ha! I find, Count, there is no agent so implicitly to be depended upon in an enterprize, as he who is concerned in its success."

"Right, Captain: and how goes your share of the affair? But I need not ask how he executes who plans so ably."

"Humph! You flatter, Venequelez.—Time presses: within two hours send all your luggage on board, as well as that of

the ladies. Manage this quietly, and I will meet you, properly disguised, under the porch of "*Neustra Senora*" at a quarter to nine."

"I will be there."

We parted—he to complete his arrangements, I to take leave of the Consul. For once—I never met with a similar instance before or since; it is a fact that has I believe no parallel—I found a Consul "*ready!*" The novelty of the thing was immeasurably surprizing.

"I am quite grieved, Consul, to find myself on the eve of quitting your friendly circle, and leaving your hospitality behind me. I hope you have the parcels you alluded to ready for me to take to England; the silks, shawls, ah—ahem—we need not advert to these matters more explicitly—you may rely on their immediate and safe delivery."

"Thank ye, captain, thank ye."

"I have one favour to ask—since you insist on my dining with you—that your hour be as early as four. My sloop must sail at six; for I have obtained a *freight* which will enrich me for life. I fear the duration of this favourable breeze, and will not tempt fortune."

"Be it so—four precisely: for the present, farewell."

The next scene in my farce witnessed my adieu to Don Manuel. I had the greatest difficulty to act my part with sufficient gravity. When I announced my visit to be *pour prendre congé*, the stern commander of St. Jago brightened up, and expressed his deep and sincere regret at losing me.

"But surely you will remain over tonight, and accompany us to the Cassino? You know I always play my rubber there. You signify your dissent? Well, then, heaven knows when we may meet again! The Holy Mother preserve you! But

stay—surely you will dine with us, Captain? Nay, I will take no excuse."

"I should be too happy, Don Manuel—but my vessel sails at six, and I am engaged to dine at the Consulate at four. Thither, in fact, I must now hurry, since it wants but five minutes of the hour."

"I'll accompany you—I'll accompany you," said the Don, briskly. "Take leave of the ladies. There. 'Tis a ceremony best performed when quickest managed."

Brief as was our adieu, and keen as were the old commander's light grey eyes, I contrived to whisper—"All is arranged: be punctual, and success is certain." Then joining arms with Don Manuel, a few minutes found us seated at the Consul's table—myself doubly confident of success; since the absence of Don Manuel from his own house, gave an additional assurance of triumph.

"There goes my fore-topsail to the

breeze," I remarked, as the report of a gun rattled over the houses of Cadiz; and I explained that this was a signal for the officers to come off, as the vessel was about to sail. Having hurried over my dinner—or rather, assumed the appearance of eating—I rose to depart. My two companions, by my express invitation, accompanied me—beheld me seated in my boat—watched it rowing off to the sloop—and waved with their hands a last adieu.

"In half an hour he will be clear of the harbour," said the Consul.

"Thank God!" replied my father-in-law elect.

"After all," said the Consul, "those sailors are open-hearted fellows; and I must confess that I like them—"

"Best at a distance," rejoined the Knight of St. Jago.

"Well—let us return, and over a bottle of claret, drink to his success."

"With all my heart, ELSEWHERE," was Don Manuel's reply.

Meanwhile, my boat had no sooner been hidden by the vessels which intervened between the sloop and the shore, than, under the pretext of having forgotten some papers, I turned the boat's head, landed at some distance from the spot of embarkation, and sent the boat on board. Hastening to an hotel, whither a packet of masques, cloaks, rapiers—in fact, every requisite for a complete disguise—had been carried, I dyed my face to a dark Spanish Arnotto—mounted a huge pair of black moustachios—and, equipped in a Spanish cloak, sallied forth, with a conviction that I might defy detection.

At the porch of "*Nuestra Senora de los Dolores,*" I met Venequelez. Without exchanging a syllable, we proceeded to the private door leading into the orangery; and having given the appointed signal, were

soon joined by Inez and Estella. In the ear of the former I whispered how admirably her disguise became her; and Venequelez, I conclude, said something to the same effect to Estella. Without further observation, we marched off at as rapid a pace as the agitation of our fair companions would permit. After proceeding about two hundred yards, to my horror I perceived that we were dogged by a body of police. Having whispered this to Venequelez, we doubled again and again, and tried more than one circuitous route to get clear of our pursuers. This proving vain, we determined to push for it. By degrees we lost sight of them, till, as we reached the appointed place of rendezvous, we beheld three men before us, who were joined by a like number that had hitherto followed in the rear, but who now passed us on the flank, and intercepted our approach to the sea.

"Gentlemen surrender," said the leader, stepping forward.

"On what grounds?" demanded Venequelez.

"You are about to commit a breach of the laws of the country," was the answer returned.

The Count was silent. He scarcely knew what rejoinder to venture upon. On being thus interrupted I looked at my watch: it was ten minutes past the hour when my boat's crew were to have been there. Quickly, I whispered to the frightened beings who clung to us, "courage, and in a few moments we shall baffle these myrmidons;" and pulling a boatswain's call from my breast, I gave the pipe to quarters, shouting at the same time, "*all hands to the rescue.*"

"Soldiers! draw, and take them prisoners," exclaimed our opponent, recovering from his momentary embarrassment.

Our progress had been arrested in a little gorge, where two sand-banks meeting formed an apex easily to be defended against a superior numerical force. "Courage, Count, act only on the defensive. We shall be rescued, I think. Cassillis?" But no answer was returned. "Cassillis?"

A distant shout reached me. I turned to listen in the direction it proceeded, and in an instant a rapier passed through my sword-arm, while another of the grim fraternity tripping me up, I was laid prostrate on the ground. Venequelez was now left to fight alone. This he did for some moments most resolutely, but being pressed by numbers, could not long have sustained the unequal contest, when a rush was heard—a shout like that of mirth—and four figures, between flying-dragons and he-devils, leapt sword in hand from the summit of the sand-bank on the assailants beneath, crying "stand from under you *beggars!*"

In the course of a few seconds every alguazil was prostrate beneath their well-directed attack. I need not say they were part of my boat's crew; the rest of whom, twelve in number altogether, now came up headed by little Cassillis.

To recover our fair sailors from their fright was the work of some minutes. As we were embarking I heard one seaman remark to another—"I say, Bo, them ere chaps are rum sort o' tars, I guess."

"Iss, Bill, they looks to me unkimmonly full in the bunt." *

"Tars!" said a third, "them ere are soger chaps; 'cause they're always born pigeon-breasted, let alone their going off in a whiffey, 'stead o' coming to the scratch!"

Having secured my guests in my cabin with little Cassilis, who had succeeded in bringing off *his* charge—their baggage—we

* The heart of a sail when furled.

made all sail, and that much to the surprise of the first lieutenant, up the Straits instead of across Biscay Bay.

It so happened that my eldest sister's husband commanded the —— regiment then at Gibraltar. On the following morning, having anchored off the rock, I took my guest to his quarters—told him my tale—sent for a priest—and we were married!—a matrimonial quartette.

I barely allowed my astonished relative time to utter his very elaborate congratulations, when we hurried on board once more, and crowded every stitch for England.

As I was now to surrender my young charge to his mother I sounded him on his inclination for the service; and finding it as strong as ever I determined as an effectual cure to make him keep his regular watch until our arrival in England. Indeed my kindness to him had defeated my own

views. His life had hitherto been so varied —so full of change and adventure—that no youngster could possibly have tired of it. I now determined on adopting a more certain method of arousing his dislike—making him do his duty.

Envy! where will it not penetrate? of what bosom will it not make a hell? what friendship will it not destroy? What happiness will it not annihilate? The kindness lavished on my little favourite—I am ready to acknowledge it in some measure ill-judged—was so natural, that I never calculated upon its calling down upon him the malevolence of several of his messmates; and in particular the especial hatred of the second lieutenant Mr. Grudge. His was that demoniacal disposition—he himself a member of that despicable brotherhood—which never fails to cherish implacable animosity towards those whose good fortune surpasses their own.

Hitherto Cassillis had been little in his power. But the boy being now placed, without my knowledge, in his watch, Grudge determined to wreak his pitiful spite and pay him off old scores. For the first two nights the youngster admired the change: but he gradually came to the same opinion respecting a middle watch as the generality of mids—*that it was better to sleep than to keep it*—the former alternative he persisted in adopting whenever an opportunity presented itself. This I had not foreseen.

Grudge having given him one or two warnings—as a decent pretext to veil his purpose—allowed him to caulk out a middle and morning watch in security. The following one, which is on shipboard, denominated "the first" being from eight p.m. till midnight, Cassillis came out from my cabin having just finished a game at chess with the Count.

I had given him a glass of punch, and this, aided by the cold sea breeze, made him so sleepy that sitting down under the lee of the pinnace on the booms, he was soon in a sound slumber.

Grudge who had watched his movements no sooner perceived his state than he ordered one of the fore-top-men to bring aft a bucket-full of salt water and dash it over the sleeping youngster. This was done: the lieutenant standing by to see the execution of his tyrannical orders. The boy on awaking moved towards the hatchway.

"Where are you going sir?"

"To change my clothes sir," returned Cassillis, "since you have wet them so thoroughly."

"Is that all? Here, maintop-men—spread the eagle with him in the main rigging you'll soon dry there you d—d young vagabond! I'll teach you to give me an answer."

"I had no intention of being impertinent sir."

"You had—not a word. Maintopmen do your duty." And in spite of the pleadings of my poor little *protégé* he was lashed hand and foot in the weather main rigging in the form of a St. Andrews or diagonal cross, exposed to the rude blast sweeping over that broad expanse of water at the entrance of the Bay of Biscay.

After five minutes he appealed to his persecutor. "Mr. Grudge," do if you please let me down. I'm freezing with cold."

And as he said this the chattering teeth that scarcely permitted articulation corroborated his assertion. The lieutenant paid no attention. An interval elapsed.

"For God's sake, Mr. Grudge, let me come down and change my clothes."

"Ho, ho, then, my petted youngster! you find the hour of ten not so pleasant to

be passed in the main-rigging, as in the captain's cabin."

"An hour, Mr. Grudge!" replied the little sufferer, not comprehending what had been said. "Oh, pray—" but the lieutenant had purposely walked out of the way, to avoid hearing further entreaty.

The hour was about to strike, and Grudge proceeded to heave the log on the poop—waited till it was drawn up—marked the board—and then nearly a quarter of an hour having elapsed, returned to the quarter-deck.

"For the love of heaven, Mr. Grudge, release me—I am perishing."

"You infernal skulking little hound," replied his merciless tyrant, "don't chatter there. I'm glad you feel it: and for every time you speak, I'll keep you up five minutes longer. Silence! unless you wish to be gagged." And he strode forward to the forecastle.

In about five minutes he returned. No prayer, no entreaty again assailed his ear. All was silent. Twice he passed the spot; then halting, "Well, sir, you know now how to stop a young cur from barking."

A faint moan was heard.

"Oh, ho! you'll growl, will you, instead? Then I'll keep you up there until—"

"When, sir?" was thundered at his ear, in a voice which seemed to paralyze his quailing frame. "Towards whom do you dare to use this discipline on board my ship?"

"Eh!—a-hem!—He wouldn't keep his watch, sir, and was impertinent.

"Who is it?—Answer me."

"Mr. Cassillis—"

"Who?" I repeated, incredulously; for my hearing seemed to fail me. "Cassillis? As sure as God is in heaven, you shall repent this to your dying hour." And at the words, I sprung on the hammock-net-

ting, to take down his speechless victim. Judge of my horror, when I found his eyes and teeth set—his clammy face livid with cold—and the clothes on his stiffened limbs sodden with water.

Giving him to some seamen, to carry below, I called for the corporal of the watch.

"Here, sir."

"Go to your cabin, Mr. Grudge, under arrest. Corporal, place a sentry over him with ball-cartridge. The prisoner is to have no egress until further orders *from me.* Send the surgeon and his assistant instantly to my cabin."

On returning thither myself I found Cassilis, who was still insensible, supported on Estella's knee; while her sister and the Count endeavoured to pour some brandy down his throat, chafing at the same time his icy temples.

To unlash my cot—draw forth the blankets—and wrap them round the stark limbs

from which his wet clothes had been cut, was but the work of an instant, when he was replaced on the knee of his affectionate nurse. Before the warmth of my stove he seemed partially to revive. A faint gleam of recognition passed across his face as I pronounced his name, and looking up he faintly said "Estella!"

"Yes it is I, my dear Cassillis."

"Kiss me, Estella."

She did so, when nestling his head in her bosom, with a sigh his gentle spirit passed away.

Every restorative that science could suggest was tried in vain. On opening the body the surgeon pronounced him to have died of the effects of intense cold, producing congestion of the brain.

Sadly was the happiness of my honeymoon thus alloyed; and my self-reproach was bitterly augmented by finding, when I reached town, that the dear friend who

was thus rendered childless, had, within the same month, been left a widow, and regarded her brave and beautiful boy as the stay and solace of her days.

Of Grudge little remains to be recorded. He met the fate his cut-throat visage appeared so specially to portend. For the murder of Cassillis he was arraigned, condemned, and executed. To the last his demon spirit underwent no change. While the judge was passing sentence on him a gleam of ghastly satisfaction lit up his heavy, sullen features, as if he still exulted in the ruin and wretchedness he had caused.

Mine has been considered a fortunate career; yet has its happiness been dashed with hours of intense and indescribable misery. And none have I failed so completely to banish from my recollection as the agony of that in which I had to break to the desolate Lady Edward the fate of her handsome and amiable Cassillis.

CONSULAR CHIT-CHAT:

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

"WHYCHCOTTE," said my Captain to me one morning, "what say you to dining with Yarker to-day?"

"Why, sir, as I have my suspicions that he provides better beef for his own table than for our ship's company,* I can only

* It is the duty of the consul to provide the beef and vegetables for the crews of his Majesty's ships in foreign ports: I need not say that many a fat job results from this arrangement, every one of which is "*too bad.*"

reply that I shall be happy in having an opportunity of substantiating my surmises." Accordingly, having rigged, and pulled ashore, at half-past five I found myself in the drawing room of the Consul of St. Agatha.

"Well, Mr. What's-your-name, very glad to see you—hum—heh—hah! Perhaps you'll sit down on the soph*i*a there with my Sophi*e*." So saying, the old Consul motioned me towards the couch, where reposed the fair flower of St. Agatha; and listening to those ineffable nothings that fall so gracefully from the lips of a pretty woman, I beguiled away, happily and imperceptibly, that awful hour of torturing suspense between the arrival of one's self and the announcement of one's dinner.

A pause having at length ensued, it was broken by the opening of the door, and the appearance of a negro, saying, "Dinner a ready, massa."

"Allow me to offer you my arm, Captain G." said the Consul: and the two gentlemen went down together, leaving the ladies behind; *this being the gallantry of Turkey in Asia!*

"Well, Captain G." said the representative of his Britannic Majesty, his mouth filled with rice, and his naturally wheezy utterance being thus rendered doubly disagreeable—"so you're just come up the gulf, are ye, for the first time—hum—heh—hah!"

"Yes, Consul, first and last, I say; curse the gulf, it's like a wash-hand basin."

"And what, now, may you think of the Austrians, eh? Fine ship that of Admiral Count Powdertousky!"

"Yes; big enough for the line."

"Lazy fellow he is: there he lies, rotting at his moorings, for six months at a time; goes to sea for three days, and the first capful of wind he gets, the fellow

makes sail for his port, to weather out the rest of the year. I'll tell ye a capital story about—ha! ha! ha! it makes me laugh when I think on it—while they remove the first course you shall have it.' Some time since—the exact moment matters very little—I was much in need of firewood. There happened to be lying in the bay two very fine large Austrian frigates, which, from want of going to sea, had become rotten, absolutely rotten from stem to stern:—could'nt go to sea for fear their bottoms should fall out. On finding this to be the case, they determined to leave the hulls at this port. But I should mention, that for some time previous they had been obliged, for security, to moor them alongside the quay in shallow water; thus if they went down, it would not be far. Being, as I before remarked, in want of firewood, I purchased these vessels, intending to break them up. Three weeks afterwards, my

MOST *particular friend,* the Pacha, came to see me. He was then at variance with the Porte, and wanted two frigates. So you see, as he *was* my PARTICULAR FRIEND, I had no wish to stand in his light—nor, in truth, in my own—and after some preliminaries, it was agreed he should take the ships off my hands. Of course, men of business never negotiate these affairs gratis. I gained, I believe, a slight per centage—nothing very particular—about three hundred per cent.: this was quite the outside, for I like a man that's honest and straightforward—'*good faith and fair dealing*' is my motto. Captain G——, a glass of wine. Well, sir, the Pacha acceded to my terms; previously stipulating that some Turkish artificers should be sent down the following day to bore the ships with augers, when the chips would prove how far the vessels were sound or otherwise. This was all very sage of my friend; but I was not suffi-

ciently green to be caught thus, and sending some of my workmen on board, under pretence of setting her to rights, they put in some thirty or forty new planks. When the Turks came to bore her side, we took good care that it should be in the right places, and lo and behold! the timbers seemed as good as new."

"Humph!" growled the captain: "for a *straitforward* man, this is a rum proceeding. You jest, I suppose?"

"Jest? oh, no! The cream of the jest is yet to come. The money being paid, the ships were duly fitted out, and their complement completed to about four hundred men, and not a word could be said against their sailing, except, to be sure, that, somehow or other, they leaked most unaccountably. However, all being ready, away they went to sea, and what do you think happened?"

"They all went to Davy Jones together," growled the skipper.

"Too true; they all went down in the first breeze—never heard of from that day to this—the best—yes, the very best bargain I ever made in my life—hum—hah—hah!"

At this juncture the second course made its protracted appearance. A pause ensued, a pause of respect due to the viands it contained—a haunch of wild boar, turkey a la truffles, and kibabs a la turque.

Breathless from his exertions, after a short pause, the Consul resumed:—"Did I ever tell you, Captain C., my battle with Lord Cecil Bertie? An odd fellow he was: made his boat's crews wear rat's tails in their hats, and whiskers on their upper lip. Of our battle the facts are these:—there had been some marines belonging to his ship, in our hospital. I do not exactly remember all the particulars, but I think

they had committed some theft. This I know, I deemed it right to detain them; and Lord Cecil felt his dignity entrenched upon, and insisted on my giving them up."

"And did you refuse?" quoth the Captain, opening his large, unmeaning eyes, in a stare of astonishment.

"To be sure I did, most stoutly."

"What said his lordship?"

"Why, the madcap—would you believe it?—resolved to take them *by force! force* to the Consul of his country, whom he was sent to protect! However, I was not to be frightened from my resolution, and he accordingly warped his ship opposite my house."

"What! a beam of the consulate?"

"Aye: a-beam of this very house; brought his guns to bear; and landed his small arm men and marines. Well, Sir, I immediately hurried off to my particular

friend the Pacha and having obtained from him an extra-guard of Janizzaries, I proceeded to form barricades at my entrances. I loaded a couple of four pound swivels, stationed my Janizzaries in the court,—my servants, armed, I posted in that little turret near the entrance; while the small room adjacent which commanded the approach was occupied by myself and the cook-maid. For fear of accidents the only weapon I had allowed her was a wet mop dipped in salting pickle but the clever creature—

"Bah!" said the Consul's wife, "why mention such a being in good society?"

"Being! exclaimed old Yarker tartly "Captain G.—it would do your heart good to see her. Her services on that day were invaluable: for I saw Lord Cecil himself wince more at her mop than he did at my rifle a great deal. Affairs being so far in readiness on my side his lordship drew up his men rank and file four deep; and then

with his sword advanced a few steps and bawled out;—" Mr. Yarker H. B. M. consul in St. Agatha, as commander of H. M. sloop —— I call on you to give up my men as I wish to get under weigh and leave this port to-morrow morning. If you refuse, my duty will compel me to use force, in which case you must bear the blame."—Catching hold of my grandfather's ear trumpet which lay near me I halloed back —" Lord Cecil your'e a jolly, straitforward, honest, fellow—you're a man of my kidney and I like you—but as to giving up the men, if your great, great, grandfather the Duke of Ancaster was here with B—h—m at his back and six pence in his pocket, I would'nt do it. With regard to your leaving this port I order you to remain here. I can fight as well as you: and if your fancy lies that way here goes. As for the blame, he who gets threshed, must bear the whole of it." Upon this Lord Cecil waved

his sword and turning round to his men said "*fix bayonets—present—strait for the gate—charge*! And away they came at a brisk trot altogether: His lordship at their head."

"Now then;" said I, "now Molly, now's your time with the mop." "To be sure Sir," says she." And just as their bayonets stuck in my gate she trundled it rarely, sending a complete shower on the first and second files who suddenly looking up roared out 'Holloa you brute what's that? By the mass that's unfair play,' said the Irish first lieutenant who had received a mouthful, and scarcely knew what to make of it. In a tremendous rage with his naked cutlass in one hand, he scrambled upon the back of a marine threatening death and destruction to myself and fellow warrior, and intending to board our fortalice by the window. While I was hesitating whether to shoot him or not, Cookey who was nothing

daunted but now began to enter into the spirit of the fray, dipped her mop into the bucket of brine at her elbow, and charged him so directly in the face, that his cocked hat was knocked off, and himself flung back upon the captain who followed, and the marine who supported him. The men in the meanwhile were enjoying the joke and at this juncture they hesitated: when Cookey seeing that this was the moment for a *coup de grace* lifted up her pail, and discharged its whole contents upon poor Lord Cecil, his prostrate sub, and the first and second files of the seamen and marines."

"The first party could not help themselves, while the latter covering up the locks of their muskets roared out "Go it Molly—Go it!" and scampered off to their boats leaving their soused commander sprawling on the ground.

"Lord Cecil," said I, "are you content to cry '*enough?*'"

He replied, half-choked with rage and pickle, that "I was a dirty old fellow to use such weapons; and that they were not allowed in war." However, I remained the victor, and all through Molly. I am sure I always shall retain a grateful sense of her services—admirable creature and most——

"Abandoned Amazon," interposed Mrs. Yarker, with a face like crimson, and frowns of most portentous meaning——

"My particular friend," (the Consul continued, without heeding or appearing to hear the interruption,) "my particular friend the Pacha, grave as he was, laughed outright when I told him the story. Poor Pacha! sad fate his: so much for rank! though you cannot wonder that when they give a man three tails they should sometimes take away a head. You know my friend was very rich. I'm a straightforward, candid, honest, fellow, and I like rich friends. I wouldn't give a rush to have a set of poor, beggarly,

acquaintance always hanging about me." He buttoned up his breeches pockets as he spoke, and looked round upon his well plenished board with an air of ineffable satisfaction. "This by the way—to return to my crony. A jealousy had long subsisted between him and the Porte, and the Sultan was very anxious to bowstring my particular friend in order to handle his cash. But somehow my particular friend never could reconcile himself to this operation, and had delivered over to the mercy of his mutes several successive messengers from Constantinople who came to perform the business. Force having entirely failed, recourse was had to stratagem. The Sultan gave a large bribe to the Capitan Pacha to undertake the affair; which the latter agreed to do, and brought up his ship for that purpose. His first step was to give a feast on board, to which my particular friend was invited, with an intention of de-

spatching him on his arrival. However, the Pacha having heard a rumour of this intended kindness, came and asked my advice, saying, that he knew me to be a straitforward, honest, excellent fellow, and that I would advise him for the best. My injunctions were—"Stay at home among your own guards—in your own palace. If the Capitan Pacha wishes to see you let him come ashore; but on no account, and at no period, think of going on board and placing yourself in his power." He took my advice. The wily Capitan came again and again to see him, till at length he so completely ingratiated himself into the Pacha's favour, that my particular friend consented to breakfast on shipboard, having received a solemn assurance that no harm should befall him *on board*, and that he should quit the ship at his own time and pleasure. I used all my endeavours to dissuade him, but in vain. Straitforward and

plain dealing as I am, I espied guile in the invitation, and but too truly. I know not how it is, that so single and simple-minded myself, I have such an intuitive insight into the knavery of others! Where was I? Oh! The Pacha went on board in state. He was allowed to breakfast and leave the ship without any hostile attempt being made upon him. But as he was coming ashore in the Capitan's boat, the coxswain whipped a bowstring over his head, and strangled him in a few seconds. His body was thrown overboard; and his wealth was transferred to the coffers of the Sublime Porte. Such was the tragical fate of my particular friend."

"Humph!" said the captain, "queer treatment though of a particular friend—to sell him rotten ships and pocket his cash for them."

"My dear sir," observed the consul, in his smoothest, softest tones, "if a man

cannot take these *little* freedoms with his *friends*, and especially his PARTICULAR FRIENDS, with whom is he to venture them?"

This apothegm brought us to the conclusion of dinner, and having taken our coffee, we returned on board. Nor have I ever again beheld the honest, excellent, straitforward Consul of St. Agatha. Truth to say, after his recital I shrunk from becoming one of his "*particular friends*."

"DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS!"

"The best and the greatest way to dispel darkness, and the deeds thereof, is to let in light. We say that day breaks, but no man can ever hear the noise of it. God comes in the "still, small, voice." Let us quickly mend our candlesticks, and we shall not want lights."—

Sir Thomas Browne.

It was a saying of the judicious Hooker, that "he that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be, shall never want attentive and favourable hearers." With what confidence might this sound and sensible writer, were he living, propound this sentiment at the present day, and point for its

confirmation to the manner in which matters are progressing both within and without the Establishment? Hark to the war-cry echoed and re-echoed with the most laudable perseverance,—" DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS! Expel them from their seats in the House of Lords! Eject them from their temporal baronies! Tell them to set their houses in order! And then—Away with them—away with them!"

Now before we pounce upon these "pampered, idle, time-serving men," and pass sentence on their persons and on their property, let us see whether the clergy, "that idle, indolent, rapacious race," have any right to be represented *at all!*

"The ministers of religion," we are told, "have no business with politics. It is not their province. Let them move in their proper sphere, and we respect them. Let them swerve from it, and WE DENOUNCE THEM." *

* Joseph Hume, M. P. on presenting Carlile's petition.

It may be asked, with every feeling of submission to the vigorous intellect of this accurate and enlightened statesman, in the spread of whose principles Lord Althorp sees "the pledge and presage of better days for the country and world," † is not the Christian Minister your fellow subject? When he puts on the robes of his sacred office, does he lay down the rights and privileges of the citizen? In the labours of his particular calling is he allowed to forget—is he permitted to omit—the duties in which he stands indebted to society and to the state? Most assuredly not. He is just as much the citizen—he ought to be as much the patriot—as any other member of the community. He is equally amenable to the *laws*, and by consequence—a plain man would suppose, but there are no plain men

* Lord Althorp, M. P. in seconding Mr. Hume's amendment on the Irish estimates, 1828.

now-a-days!—equally entitled to the *privileges* of the constitution.

As it is, the clergy are not represented at all in the lower house, and, consequently, the egregious mistakes constantly made there, relative to their usages, their laws, and their emoluments, pass without contradiction and without comment. For example; during the discussion on the Catholic Question, Mr. Canning, who was a most accomplished debater—in other words, a speaker who does not stick at a trifle to carry the house along with him—affirmed, that there was but "the slightest possible shade of difference between con-substantiation and tran-substantiation, a difference so faint, that the keenest logician could with difficulty detect it: the former doctrine was *held* by the Church of England, the *latter* rejected."

Mr. Bankes, member for the University

of Cambridge, endeavoured to make Mr. Canning sensible of his error. But Mr. Bankes, not having either energy or intellect enough to command the attention of that most fastidious assembly, was coughed down, and this precious blunder passed unexplained.

On another occasion, Mr. O'Connell found it convenient to state, that the annual income of the Bishop of Durham exceeded £60,000. Mr. Stanley followed him, and, in the course of his reply, took occasion to observe, that the Bishop of Durham's income was under £40,000. This was, of course, believed by the house, while the fact is, it does not amount to even half that sum.

Now, as every variety of interest has its defenders in the Commons House of Parliament, except the ecclesiastical, such exclusion does appear somewhat unjust and unconstitutional. It arose merely and mainly

from the circumstance of a particular individual* having become obnoxious to a certain administration. His offences were visited on the profession to which he belonged: the whole body of clergy were on his account disqualified, and left without an advocate to oppose any enactment, however injurious to their order, which any hot-brained member of Parliament might please to introduce into the lower house.

It appears singular they should be so passive on the subject of their convocation; for if there ever was a period when its revival is matter of moment to the clergy, that period is the present. The general ignorance on the point is amusing. Not one man in twenty knows, or would believe you if you told him, that there once was almost, if not entirely, as regular an eccle-

* Reverend John Horne Tooke.

siastical Parliament, as a civil or temporal one: that there was not only a body of spiritual lords, but of spiritual commons; so called in the very rolls of Parliament; and summoned to attend upon the king, in Parliament, by concurrent writs, and with equal privileges: their persons being secured from arrest, and protection extended even to their servants. Up to this present moment the law remains the same; for though the convocation never sits, it is always convened a-fresh on every dissolution of Parliament. Writs are issued—returns made—both houses of convocation assemble close on the day of the meeting of the new Parliament—the lower house appoints its speaker*—both houses attend the sovereign—they are received by him on the throne—and their speaker formally named and presented; and here the matter ends.

* Prolocutor.

But why should it so terminate? It cannot be said that the clergy are represented in the lords, by the bishops. *The bishops sit there, not as the representatives of the clergy, in one way or other,* BUT IN VIRTUE OF THEIR BARONIES. But the clergy are said to require *no* representatives, inasmuch as they have nothing to do with politics. How so? As long as they contribute, as country freeholders, to the public taxes imposed by the House of Commons, they have, constitutionally, as much to do with politics, as any lay constituents of that representative body.

In another point of view, it must be conceded, as a matter of justice, that they need some direct and specific representation—they are the constant object of attack. Let the debate turn on what it may, on the currency or the corn laws—on the government of Ireland, or the county magistracy of England—on a combination

against property—on suspended confidence, embarrassed commerce, or interrupted industry, some blow, *en passant*, is aimed at the church.

But it is said they are represented, properly, effectually, and fully.

How?

"Thus: clergymen, like other men, may vote as freeholders, or as householders."

Granted: but votes given by clergymen, as citizens, avail not in the slightest degree—such is the overwhelming mass of lay suffrages—for the defence of the church.

Well, but the priesthood have direct ecclesiastical delegates in the university representatives.

Four in number! and what avail they among four hundred?

"Indolent, idle wretches!" says a most respectable member of the lower house—"they do not deserve the blessing—the boon of representation."

Idle indeed. What have they done for science? NOTHING—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

In astronomy, for instance, there are in particular three very illustrious names—Flamsteed, Bradley, and Maskelyne. The first was an admirable astronomer for his day; the second discovered the two corrections called *aberration* and *mutation*, essentially important in practical and physical astronomy; to the last mentioned, the Nautical Almanack, a most able and valuable work, was in no slight degree indebted for its celebrity and success.—*Were either of these three clergymen?* *

Then for learning—in philology, criticism—Greek, for instance—these drones, what have they done? Nothing. There are some eminent names to be sure. Parr,

* See an admirable letter in the Morning Chronicle of January 15th, 1831, from the pen, it is understood, of the very able editor of the *British Magazine*. From this letter one or two hints were taken.

Blomfield, Monk, Elmsley, Scholefield, Rose, Gaisford. *Not one of them clergymen!*

Then as to geology—a science so little understood, and so partially studied. We find associated with it the names of Conybeare, Buckland, and Sedgewick. *Not one of them clergymen!*

So little have they done for science—for religion still less. They have been the constant, universal, and unwearied opponents of education: so much so, that one old gentleman, of the name of Bell, spent a very large fortune, and devoted a very long life, to put it down. His efforts in that way have become matter of history, and have covered the order to which he belongs with everlasting confusion.

There was another wrong-headed old gentleman, of the name of Daubeny, who delighted to pull down churches, schools, and almshouses. His private fortune was

totally swallowed up in enterprizes of this public nature: he pulled down Christ Church, at Bath; he pulled down Rode Church, in his own parish of Bradley. Not content with this, he pulled down a poor-house and an asylum, in the village of which he was incumbent. Twenty-two thousand pounds was the amount which his exploits in this particular line were computed to have cost him.

Then, again, at Cambridge, the Hulsean preachership and prize essay, which have done nothing at all for the defence of revealed religion—produced no able essays—brought forward no new facts; these were founded by a—*layman!*

The Ellerton Foundation at Oxford, much in the same lamentable state, owes its existence to a—*layman!*

And the Bell scholarships at Cambridge, which have done no manner of good, introduced to notice no deserving young men,

were never held by any sound, ripe scholars, whose matured fame justified their early promise—were founded by a—*layman!*

Never—no, never—in the distribution of their property—did any body of men evince such utter indifference to the spread of religion, such paramount insensibility to the well-being of society! To be sure, some enthusiasts have been found among them.

For instance, St. Paul's School was founded by a Dean Colet,* who bequeathed all his land at Stepney, and personal property of every description, "to educate soundly and *scripturally* poor boys whose friends were unable so to advantage them."

Bernard Gilpin,† the "apostle of the north," was, poor creature! another of these unaccountable enthusiasts. He had, like many other weak-minded men, quite a mania for

* Dean of St Paul's, and Rector of Stepney.

† Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham.

doing good. His delight was to prevent law-suits. His hall was often thronged with people who came to submit their differences to his judgment. His hospitality was such, that it was humourously said of him, that "if a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the rector of Houghton." He founded and endowed, with characteristic liberality, the Grammar School of Houghton, as "the best blessing he could leave behind him to the children of his parishioners, so that none might be suffered to grow up in ignorance of their dutiful behests towards their God, their country, and their king."

In the same diocese there was a clergyman of the name of Tomlinson; and to show his niggardliness—it abounds in them all—he bequeathed a splendid library,* which he had collected at great expense, to the FREE use of the public, and apportioned

* Dr. Tomlinson's library at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

a certain part of his property to provide a salary for the keeper of his books, and a room to receive them in.

There was another miser, too, of the name of Newton, who founded, with his savings, an almshouse at Litchfield, for the reception and refuge of poor destitute widows of exemplary clergymen. Was there ever such an abuse of church property in the known world?

This last fact brings me to another count of my indictment. The affluence in which these cormorants leave their widows and families, is general and proverbial.

Such is the indolence, and such the ignorance of the clergy. It can scarcely be denied, that criminals like these—criminals of so dark a hue—criminals so constantly and so justly assailed, should be permitted to have direct and authorized defenders in the lower House. Surely it might be conceded, that the incumbents of every diocese

should have a representative in the Commons conversant with their crimes, and charged with their distinct defence.

And yet, forsooth, one does occasionally meet with writers who venture to stand on the defensive; and calmly to urge what may be said in, of all things in the world, an ecclesiastic's behalf!

Listen to one of these, selected at random. "With them the clerical character is as it ought to be, indelible. When once his hand hath touched the plow the spiritual husbandman is forbidden to look back. His retreat into gainful and secular pursuits is utterly cut off. He cannot relapse one step towards that lower region without scandal and infamy. The farm and the merchandize are not for him. His table may be surrounded by objects more precious to him than life, who may look to him for daily protection and support; and all this while he may see the shadows of

adversity thickening around his dwelling—a darkness that may be felt. He may perceive with anguish of soul that the comforts and even the necessaries of this life are gradually dropping away, and leaving him and his to an appalling destitution. All all this he may see: and yet he must call in the aid of no worldly occupation. He must not abandon, for a time, the altar to which he has devoted himself, till the labour of his hands have supplied the wants of those who depend upon him for bread.

The work of study and of holy ministration must still go on; and while his heart may be almost bursting with the thought of a home crowded with images of suffering—while his spirit may be fainting at the prospect of that abandonment which awaits the partner of his toils when his head is in the dust;—still must he strive to go forth among his people with a serene brow, and with an aspect which tells of faith and re-

signation,—and still must he speak to them of the victory which overcometh the world and of the hope full of immortality."*

I now come to that "luxurious, idle, time serving body," the Bench of Bishops. And as I have nothing to hope and little to fear trust me I'll do them justice.

These wretches "have invariably sided with the Court." To be sure seven of them —the primate at their head—were committed to the Tower in the reign of James the II. for supporting the rights of the people, and resisting the arbitrary measures of the king. But what of that? There was too, about the same time, strange to say, a Bishop of London who, when he was ordered by the king to suspend a poor unfortunate clergyman of the name of Sharpe, declined doing so till he had satisfied

* For these reflections I am ashamed to say, I am unable to give my authority. I believe they will be found in the works of Heber or Le Bas.

himself of the man's guilt. The result of the bishop's investigation was a conviction that Sharpe was innocent; and he respectfully but firmly refused to suspend him as his majesty commanded. Though warned of the consequences, he persisted in this unusual line of conduct; and was in consequence *suspended himself.* Insult and privation were plentifully heaped upon him, but strange to say without rendering him one whit the more accommodating. From the course his conscience prescribed to him he declined to swerve. In later times there was a clever fellow of the name of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, whom the court tried, in vain to gain over to its interests. He had some stubborn, deeply rooted, queer ideas of fidelity to the man whom he considered his sovereign; and to whose cause, though a desperate one, he continued to adhere. These unaccountable notions no promises of advancement could prevail upon

him to discard. He retained them and was banished for them.

More recently, on the trial of the Queen, the conduct of the prelacy was interested and sycophantic in the extreme. They voted in the very teeth of the government! The King wished for a divorce; and a clause to that effect was introduced into the bill. These court parasites—these men who live but in the smiles of royalty, and think of nothing but translations—contended that his Majesty, from his former life and conduct, was not entitled to such relief. One Dr. Law declared he could not conscientiously support the bill, if that clause was retained in it. This poor man had the misfortune to be a bishop; and what is stranger still, his see was that of Chester; the largest, most laborious, and least lucrative of them all. One would fancy he would have been the more chary how he said or did any thing that could militate against his

removal from it. But he positively rose in the house—declared he could not reconcile it to his sense of justice or christian feelings, to support the bill, if the divorce clause was persisted in. It was: and he, and more than two-thirds of his brethren, voted against it. Conduct more like a courtier, can scarcely be depicted. They may talk about their conscience:—the fact is, they have none.

Then again the other day in the Ecclesiastical Court Commission Bill, conduct so grasping as that of the present Archbishop of Canterbury should be made matter of history. Dr. Lushington—I have it from his own lips; he shook while he told it me—at the close of the proceedings handed to his Grace the report of the Commissioners, in which they recommended that a set of places of the value of ten thousand pounds annually, in his Grace's gift, and to which all his predecessors had invariably

presented, should be, without exception, abolished. His Grace read the paper calmly and attentively, and then signed it with a smile, saying, "a very proper resolution, and I am most happy to confirm it." Now I would put it to any man of sense if such grasping, covetous conduct, does not deserve universal reprobation?

Then again how little have they done, of late years, for the general interests of science, or of abstruse learning? There was to be sure one man, by name Watson, a Bishop of Llandaff, who was considered no mean chemist by the university to which he belonged; and whose improvements in the art of making gunpowder originated in feelings of genuine humanity, and were calculated to prove a lasting benefit to his species. And there still may be found on the Irish Bench an individual of the name of Brinkley, who happens singularly enough to be ranked among the first astronomers

of the day. But what of that? The special endowments professed, or benefits conferred on society by any particular individual, furnish no grounds either for gratitude or respect towards the body of which he is a member. *By no means!*

Then as to their rapacity. It is monstrous, overweening, and all prevailing. For example, there was one bishop, a prelate of the name of Wilson, who presided over the see of Sodor and Man, who was regarded as a father both by his clergy and his flock. He gave away almost every thing he possessed, and left at his decease barely enough to bury him. Contemporary with this prelate was another of the name of Barrington, who, after a lengthened enjoyment of a large income, died comparatively poor. In point of fact there was one and only one way of accounting for it. There was scarcely a parish in his diocese, or a society con-

nected with the church, to which he was not a most munificent benefactor.

What a shame—what an abuse, that these functionaries should have the power—the ability of giving?

Schools for the ignorant—clothing for the poor—nourishment and medical attendance for the sick and aged—books for the general instruction of the labourer during the long winter evening, was he accustomed largely to provide. He was habituated, poor foolish man! to regard himself merely as the trustee of the means conveyed to him; and, marvellous as it may appear, acted on that persuasion through life. What then? Does his conduct reflect any lustre on the order to which he belonged? Not a bit of it.

A living bishop, moreover, one of these idle, selfish, grasping dignitaries—a man who thinks solely about himself, never

about others—*a real* MONK, has set apart a tenth of his episcopal revenues for the augmentation of the poorer livings in his diocese; not that this is a credit to him, or to the body to which he belongs. It only proves the truth of what is affirmed of them all, that they are, without exception, a craving, grasping, cormorant crew.

I now arrive at the question—*what have they achieved for the interests of religion?* This I have purposely placed last, because it is generally, and most properly, the most remote consideration that approves itself to the mind of an enlightened disturber.

In a religious point of view, these gownsmen have literally done nothing. To be sure, I may remark, that the man before-mentioned, WATSON, contrived to silence the most insidious and successful propagator of atheistical opinions in modern times, and managed, moreover, poor, ignorant creature! to produce two works on the claims of re-

velation, which have been, from that hour to this, text-books for the young divinity-student, and manuals of instruction and information to the inquiring Christian. While I think of it, I have heard of two shallow scholars, Horsley and Lowth, who are considered authorities in Hebrew lore, and whose works on theology are stated, by some foolish people, to be of a standard order. There was, too, a fellow of the name of Warburton, who wrote the "Divine Legation;" and another of the name of Butler, who penned an "Analogy of the Christian Revelation." I will only say of them, they are just such stupid, senseless works, as one would suppose a bishop to have written.

Then, as to the temper of these men. Among the papers of one of them, an archbishop,* whose rapacity, by the way, was such, that on his demise, his family were

* Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury.

discovered to be totally unprovided for, and the M.S. of his sermons was sold for their benefit—was found a bundle of documents, headed thus:—"These are all bitter personal and political libels. May God forgive the writers of them; from my heart I do!" Poor Milksop! as if that was the temper fitted for a Christian bishop.

So invariably have they sided with the court—so little have they done for science—for learning—for general knowledge—for religion. Useless wretches! Mankind have, indeed, little reason to be grateful to the bench. No, no. Certainly nothing can be more equitable, more rational, more laudable, than the cry, "DOWN WITH THE BISHOPS!"

THE WOES OF CHANGE!

"Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters."—Lavater.

It is most cheering to find, in revisiting those from whom time or accident may have separated us, that a change of circumstances is all that has passed upon them, and not a change of feelings; that the same eager aspirations after what is good and great still animate them — that they still cherish an undying hatred of oppression, wherever it may be found—an unquenchable sympathy with virtue, no matter what

may be its guise—that their peceptions of "whatever is pure, and lovely and of good report," are now, as always, ardent—and their forth-reachings after it sincere: and that, though the outward form and frame-work may be somewhat worn and fretted away by time, the master-spirit still reigns supreme within."

It was with feelings of this description that I gazed, in a recent interview, on the venerable historian of the glorious Medici. Years, many, many, had elapsed, since we last parted, and by what vast changes had they been marked! I bade him adieu, as he stepped into his carriage, loudly cheered by the multitude—at the head of the poll—secure of his election for Liverpool—in the possession of acknowledged affluence, and, what he coveted much more ardently, literary distinction. I now met him in his pretty garden in Lodge Lane, busied about his flowers, and boasting of his show of hya-

cinths: I left him in the bustle, and heat, and fervour of matured life, and flushed with political excitement—I found him with the silvery locks of age thinly scattered over his noble brow, the very picture of a placid and contented old age.

Yet the mind, the man, was the same. His eye kindled, and his voice swelled into a deeper, firmer tone, as he expressed his pleasure at the abolition of the Test Act, and his persuasion that intolerance was daily losing ground. He pointed to the article on "Forest gardening" in the *Quarterly*, said to be written by Sir Walter Scott; and, after entering keenly into the merits of the plan, and the probabilities of its general adoption, gracefully diverged into criticism—if that can be called criticism, in which there is no dash of gall, not an atom of malevolence—on the mannerism and peculiarities of the "wizard of the age."

In point of happiness, too, the biographer of Lorenzo seemed to have lost nothing by the exchange of the sumptuous splendour of his former residence, for the quiet elegance of his suburban villa. If the traces of age were visible on his cheek, peevish discontent was not. Time, 'tis true, had planted here and there a wrinkle on his brow, but the deep furrows of care were wanting. He talked cheerfully, I might almost say gaily; nor shall I ever forget the spirit, taste, and tenderness with which he quoted this stanza from Thompson, as a faithful transcript of his own feelings:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods or lawns, by living stream at eve;
Let health my nerves or finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, you cannot me bereave!"

I left him. I was hurrying on to Chester, and hastily stepped on board the packet which was to convey me so far on my route as Eastham. "You that are ever talking," said my companion, Mr. Aspinall, "about *change, change*, as if you were Rothschild's cousin-german, turn your attention this way. Observe that individual—there—now you have him; he is leaning against the paddle-box, and looking at this very moment towards you."

I did as I was directed. My eye rested on a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man, neatly, though shabbily dressed, and evidently shrinking from the observance of those around him. His mild blue eye, though it looked sad and sunken, preserved its habitual expression of tranquil intelligence. He stood by the side of the vessel, and gazed abstractedly on the port she was quitting; though ever and anon there was a quivering of the lip, and a contraction of

the brow, which seemed to indicate that the reverie which occupied his mind was anything but pleasing to him.

"That man," said Aspinall, "was once Mayor of Liverpool, possessed property little short of half a million, and entertained the present king (when he visited our port as Prince of Wales) in a style of splendour, and on a scale of expense, which some of his majesty's suite yet remember and marvel at."

Such, thought I, as I again turned to gaze on him, is one of the many wondrous changes which fleeting time procureth!

We had reached Eastham, and the myrmidons of the inn stepped on board in search of the passengers' luggage: one of them accosted the old gentleman, and begged "for his honour's portmanteau." "Thank ye, friend," his colour seemed to mount unconsciously—"it's but light; and

for the distance I have to travel, I can carry it myself."

"That man," whispered Aspinall, "rarely came into Liverpool, but with four horses to his carriage, and three footmen behind it."

"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!"

Another *unfortunate* rises before me—the *fortunate* youth! I happened to be in London when this extraordinary performer was in the full bustle of his part; and never was the farce of "*Who's the Dupe?*" more strongly cast, or more successfully represented. How he must have laughed in his sleeve at the trottees that were flocking round him; how he must have enjoyed the adulation lavished on him, and been amazed at the discovery of the countless virtues he was found to possess.

His history was simple enough. His father was a respectable farmer in Cam-

bridgeshire, and he himself was educated at Shrewsbury, under Dr. Butler. On his return from school, at one of the vacations, he travelled in company with a Mr. Devereux, on whom he made such an impression, that Mr. Devereux bequeathed him his whole fortune.

What bait ever proved too large for John Bull's gullet? This narrative might appear a heavy draft, at sight, on that worthy gentleman's credulity, but nevertheless was judged negotiable, and honoured without delay.

The wealth of this Mr. Devereux was pronounced to be immense. He held stock to a very considerable amount, both in the French and English funds—was the possessor of East India bonds and Prussian coupons to an almost indefinite extent—there was hardly a crowned head in Europe whom he had not assisted—and scarcely an

estate of any consequence on which he had not a mortgage.

The fortunate youth arrived in London —was introduced into the highest circles, and created, as the phrase runs, a "considerable sensation." How he managed to keep his gravity on witnessing the avidity with which his story was credited, and the pertinacity with which his gulls forced their civilities upon him, is not the least extraordinary part of the whole affair.

His table was covered with cards and invitations from people of the very first fashion. Papas called to point out desirable country mansions, and eligible landed investments :—brothers to show or sell him their horses :—mamas invited him to their select *soirées*, and puffed off their daughters :—he was introduced at Carlton House :—and was one of the privileged few at Lady Castlereagh's famed *petits soupers* after the opera.

To an ordinary observer, he appeared a dull, heavy-looking young man, with anything but handsome or striking features; but as Mr. Devereux's heir, and the possessor of very nearly a million of money,—never was anything so distinguished as the air, so recherché as the conversation, or so intellectual as the countenance and expression of the "fortunate youth."

By the merest accident—some unlucky discovery about a cork and a bottle of wine—the bubble burst—most prematurely for him, for he was on the very point of being returned to Parliament, and united to an earl's daughter.

What became of him nobody seemed to know. He disappeared; and in London, as in law, *de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.*

Many years afterwards I happened, by chance, to be in a small country church in Cheshire. It was an old, grey, venerable

structure; its square tower was overgrown with stone-crop—ivy covered the porch with its bright green leaves, and with mimic tracery had entwined itself around the altar window—the gilding on the old clock was tarnished with many years—the tomb-stones were almost as mouldering as the dust they affected to protect—the low wall that enclosed the cemetery, had, here and there, yielded to the power of the seasons, and the effects of time—while around it coursed a little river, or almost a brook, of the clearest water, which dashed and sparkled among the stones that impeded its course, keeping up a sweet and constant murmur. The service had commenced sometime previous to my arrival, but the moment my eye caught a full view of the officiating clergyman, I was convinced we had met before. The voice, too, seemed familiar; but where I had heard it, or in what part of the globe the reader and I

had conversed together, puzzled me. That I *had* known him, and known him under very different circumstances I was thoroughly convinced; and while I was running over places and persons with an eagerness altogether anti-devotional, a provincialism struck me; and, "By the mass," said I, "'tis the fortunate youth!"

I listened to his sermon with interest. It was a clear, powerful, argumentative composition on *the fleeting tenure of all earthly good.* You may well shine, thought I, on that theme, who have felt its truth so keenly!

It was no easy matter to trace his subsequent history. But I was curious and succeeded. On the denouement in town relative to Mr. Devereux's property, the unfortunate youth passed over to France where he long resided. On his return, he entered himself at St. Bees. There he read diligently and successfully for three

years without the principal or any one of his fellow students, entertaining the slightest suspicion of the former career of the indefatigable student.

How he contrived to blind the Argus eyes of the head of the establishment, Dr. Ainger, an acute and observing man, those who know the doctor best, are the least able to determine. Such, however, was the fact.

The knowledge gained at Shrewsbury under Dr. Butler, confirmed, strengthened, and augmented, by a systematic course of severe study at St. Bees could not fail to render him an accomplished scholar. He was a sound classic; an excellent modern linguist; spoke with equal facility and precision; and by exercise, had brought into a high state of cultivation strong natural reasoning powers.—He obtained a title for orders; passed an excellent examination under the then Bishop of Chester;*

* Dr. Law.

and was particularly noticed and highly complimented by that prelate at its close.

Soon after his ordination, however, some communication was made by another dignitary to Dr. Law, which made the latter aware of the Mr. ——'s previous history; and induced him to communicate with Mr. —— on the subject. The curacy to which he had been licensed he soon afterwards resigned.

Whether labouring in his profession or not he still lives. In the latest numbers of the Classical Journal, I saw some papers signed with his initials, A. C. which from their style, force, and freedom, I am satisfied are his. Change and vicissitude have marked his existence: but he is more memorable still as a striking instance of misdirected views.

So highly gifted,—had his abilities been early and habitually elevated to generous and noble aims, what happiness might he have

conferred on his fellow-creatures, what a career of honourable ambition might he have marked out and achieved for himself!

But of all the woes of change, those perhaps were the most unexampled and appalling which attended "Betsy Cains." Alas! my memory yet runs riot upon the beauties of that unfortunate. Still do I commiserate that fate which I could neither avert nor remedy. "Betsy Cains" was the yacht which brought over King William, in 1688. Tradition states, that when selected for that enterprize she was an "old ship," but "a lucky and fast sailer." With the success of her noble freight, her fame rose proportionably. She became one of the appendages of the court, and for many years was the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. This we may safely term the meridian of her glory. On the death of her royal mistress, she was doomed to experience the vicissitude inherent in all sublunary objects. By order

of George I. she ceased to form part of the royal establishment. Still she weathered it bravely under the protection of one of the lords of court. On his disgrace, change and chance again assailed her; and at length, after manifold degradations, she settled down—I burn with shame while I record it—into a common collier; and was employed in the coal trade, between Newcastle and the metropolis! In this lost and deplorable condition many weary years and heavy seas rolled over her; till, at length, having up to the last hour of her existence maintained her original character of "a lucky ship and a fast sailer," she struck on a reef of rocks, near Tynemouth Bar, on the morning of February 17, 1827. Though considerably damaged, it was not deemed, at the time, impossible to get her off; and a neighbouring clergyman in particular was extremely anxious that her preservation should be attempted, and if practicable, se-

cured, by transforming her into an episcopal floating chapel. His wishes, however, were not seconded. The antiquarian society at Newcastle were applied to, but the state of their funds precluded their negotiating for her purchase. And thus, through the supineness of some, and the indifference of others, the opportunity of preserving the oldest ship in the navy, perhaps in the world;—a ship which had been constantly at sea for a space at least of one hundred and thirty-nine years, and very probably, one hundred and sixty;*—a ship with which so many and such stirring associations were connected, and which might fairly have been considered an object of national interest—was lost utterly and irretrievably.

* Assuming she had been one and twenty years at sea when she sailed with King William:—no improbable or improvident supposition, as she is stated to have been then an "old ship."



For two or more days she lay stranded on the rocks—beating about at the mercy of the elements; and to one mind at least, seemed to present a melancholy emblem of fallen greatness.

What hopes were bound up in that vessel! With what an enterprize — how righteous in its design, and how magnificent in its results—was she fraught! How many beating hearts felt their all was involved in her safety! What numerous, and, what ardent supplications were offered up for her success! How many were anxiously, eagerly, hourly, on the look out, for tidings of her arrival! And there, after so lengthened and useful a career, she lay fallen — prostrate — deserted — plundered!

In this abject, but nevertheless interesting and picturesque situation, a drawing was made of her, from which an engraving

has since been taken.* From the frequent repairs she had undergone, but little of the original vessel remained. That little, however, was very fine. It was oak richly and profusely carved, approaching in colour, from age and exposure, to ebony. There was literally a scramble among the populace to obtain fragments—John Bull though ever boasting of his protestantism, is as eager as any catholic for relics—which were sold at exorbitant prices. Among others Sir Harcourt Lees, feeds his protestant nose from a tabatiére formed out of the sinews of her, whom I loved when living, and mourned when fallen—Betsy Cains.

* By Mr. Fergusson of Edinburgh. His drawing was purchased by a liberal patron of art, Mr. Hewetson of Cullercoats, in Northumberland. The engraving from it—highly curious; is published by Dickenson. The facts are not generally known, or the print would be more sought after. Mr. Fergusson is a painter of considerable promise; and the friends of art in Edinburgh may well be proud of their selection.

Yes; the dispersion of the limbs of my darling I must ever deplore as a barbarous and unnatural proceeding. What! was there no man of taste—no aspirant to virtu—no kindred and congenial spirit to interfere on her behalf, whose very vitals must have been redolent of Orange principles. " I thought that ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards" to have saved from ruthless demolition the aged deposit of protestant principles. Where was the Duke of Cumberland? Where was the Earl of Eldon? Was there no one to represent the case to government? No one to bring the matter under the eye of the first gentleman, the keenest connoisseur, and the most munificent patron of the arts in England? He, I am sure would have been anxious to preserve—would have been well pleased to secure from wreck and spoliation, a vessel intimately connected with the destinies of his family—a vessel which bore to England

those principles which have seated him upon the throne of these realms.

To have carried a king to empire—to have been a leading agent in bringing about one of the most mighty, yet bloodless revolutions, the world ever witnessed—to have been privy to the address and intrepidity of Zuylestein—the burning ardour and devoted earnestness of Bentinck—to have been subsequently the favourite of a queen—to have witnessed those interminable struggles for political pre-eminence, those intemperate ebullitions of party spirit, those manifestations of irreconcilable jealousy between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which not even the presence of Anne could restrain, and "which hastened her end"* —to have been privy to the rapacity of the Duke of Marlborough, the domineering deportment and imperious insolence of the Duchess—to have witnessed the servility

* Smollett.

nument of the celebrated Templar, Hugh softly speaking Mrs Masham — to have echoed the eloquence of Bolingbroke, caught the whispered plots of Harley—to have sunk down into a collier—and at length to be torn almost piecemeal by a mob:—

"To what base uses may we come Horatio!"

A QUIET VILLAGE.

> "Abused mortals! did you know
> Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow;
> You'd scorn proud towers,
> And seek them in these bowers,
> Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
> But blustering care could never tempest make,
> Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
> Saving of fountains that glide by us."
>
> SIR W. RALEIGH—ON A COUNTRY LIFE.

ON the banks of the Tamar, screened from the east wind by the noble groves of Cothele, and bounded in the distance by the blue hills of Dartmoor, stands the little village of Fairyford. To most minds it would appear an enviable resting-place from the storms of life. Separated from

and obsequiousness of the insinuating and the main road, no train of public conveyances disturbs its quiet, or infests it with imposition. The din of a manufactory, and the smoke of a steam-engine, are alike unknown within its peaceful precincts.—Down the centre of the village a stream of the clearest water chafes and murmurs in its noisy passage; on its margin flourishes a noble row of majestic chestnuts; while near the source of the spring—a century since herds of bounding wild deer came down by moonlight to drink its chrystal water—rises the grey village church. Enter and survey its floor of ancient tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed; spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together, all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet of long-departed worshippers. See the sun beams brightly and cheerily, through the gorgeously stained windows, on the marble mo-

de Valence, and falls with mellowed radiance on the dark grey stone, beneath which, boldly yet rudely sculptured with the figure of his staunch hound and his cross bow, rests the last forester of Dartmoor.

On the outskirts of the village, half hidden by the flowering myrtle and the scented lilac, its front covered with the luxuriant monthly rose, which has gained the roof, and hangs in festoons from the thatch, stands a country inn. It is that and nothing more. The beauty of its situation wins a passing comment from the casual passenger, and the story attached to it an apothegm from the moralist, as the scene of the last meeting between those highly gifted men, and sworn opponents, Dunning* and Wallace.

Wallace was the rival of Dunning, against whom he was constantly pitted; and though inferior to him in genius and attainments, managed to maintain his ground by the

* Afterwards Lord Ashburton.

extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge, and by the vigour and industry which he could exert at will. At length, worn down by fatigue, enfeebled by age, and shattered in constitution, he was advised by his physicians to hasten into Devonshire in the hope of benefiting by a more genial climate.

At this inn he met with Dunning, who, in a still more desperate state, was trying the same experiment for the restoration of his system. Here, accidentally and unexpectedly, these accomplished rivals, who had for so many years been such determined opponents in the busy arena of life — who had ever taken such opposite, yet ingenious views of all the leading questions which had agitated the public mind during their splendid career, again contemplated each other, at a moment when they expected a speedy termination to all their pursuits. The interview must have been

melancholy and affecting. Dunning died shortly after it took place, and Wallace did not long survive him.

But to the village. Its peaceful, sheltered, quiet aspect had allured the feet of some who knew the value of retirement, and were not afraid to be alone. An actress, who had played the hoyden at Drury in her youth, and the virago in her old age; and had—rare instance of theatrical thrift and foresight!—secured an annuity for the evening of her days, hurried down to Fairyford with hope and anticipation, and quitted it in disappointment and disgust. She vowed that its ceaseless uproar could be compared to nothing but "*the house on an Easter Monday*;" while rather than stem the torrents of scandal which circulated within its boundaries she would "*abide by the mercy of a one-shilling gallery!*"

A Doctors' Commons Proctor, who had

been all his life in hot water, and had himself been twice committed for contempt of Court, essayed to rusticate in its shades, but in vain. Much of his manhood, he observed, had been passed in contention, and he regretted it. But he found that till he reached the quiet village he did not know what strife really was. He bowed to his fate; and for once gladly "*consented to be put fairly out of Court.*"

Rumour states that Long Wellesley, whose career all the world knows has been a singularly quiet one and who never in any one action of his life manifested a litigious disposition, once entertained some idea of taking up his rest at Fairyford, but dismissed it on learning the peaceful nature of its inhabitants. This, however, wants confirmation, and I reject it.

The war—by no means civil—waged in the village was unhappily beyond all doubt. To whom then was it to be attributed?

To the wealthy wife of the lord of the manor, whose jointure that good easy man had found a most convenient auxiliary for replenishing his cellars, and rebuilding the family mansion, but "whose parts of speech," the parish clerk observed, "hung very loosely together; and whose ideas, to his mind, were never developed with perspicuity and precision."

During her first year's residence in the quiet village she had originated, or been accessary, to four distinct actions. On her arrival at Fairyford there was a solitary attorney domiciled there, who was literally starving. Shortly a second, equally abject, made his appearance; when, lo! the fortunes of both seemed to be on the rise. They were quickly followed by a third; and before Mrs. Bletsoe had been four years mistress of the manor-house, five thriving attornies, all in full practice, shed

the blessings of their counsel on the quiet village.

At one time or another Mrs. Bletsoe had been obliged to recur to the advice of each and all of them. Not that she was a malicious woman either; but there was, as her implacable enemy the parish clerk observed—by the way, she once fixed him with costs, and he never forgave it—"an indescribable looseness in her ideas!"

Unhappy Mrs. Bletsoe! her whole life was one continued *contretemps*. The first occurred on this wise.

It was deemed advisable that the metamorphose of Mrs. Wedderburne, the widow of the rich stock-broker, into Mrs. Bletsoe, of Bletsoe Priory, should be celebrated by a rout at Fairyford. Mr. Heaviside, the county magistrate, volunteered an entertainment on the occasion; and the squirearchy came in crowds to witness Mrs. Bletsoe's debut. No period could possibly

have been more happily chosen for a "*friendly party.*" There had been, in the space of the nine preceding weeks, a contest for the county coronership—a "faux pas of the most extraordinary complexion" —and "an elopement under very peculiar circumstances;"—glorious materials for those who loved scandal; while five card-tables, squeezed into a small, three-cornered room, with as many doors, delighted the "Mrs. Battles"* of the neighbourhood.

At "High 'Change"—ten o'clock—Mrs. Bletsoe arrived. A whist-table was formed for her without delay. She barely allowed herself time to be seated, to name the stake, and curtesy to her partner, when she opened the campaign thus:—

"What a dreadful affair this is which has been told me on the road! All elopements are to my mind indelicate; but this

* See Elia's unrivalled sketch, entitled "Mrs. Battle's opinions on whist."

is singularly so." Mr. Heaviside hem'd and ha'd, and looked vastly uncomfortable. "I am assured, on competent authority, that the mother of the bride"—Mrs. B.'s opponents looked aghast, and Mr. Heaviside shuffled about on his seat, as if his cushion had been stuffed with nettles— "refused—yes, actually refused to surrender her clothes, and remarked,"—here Mr. Heaviside, in his agony, revoked, and then mopped his fat, flushed face, with truly edifying earnestness:—"and remarked," Mrs. Bletsoe continued, when the bustle of the revoke had subsided, "that 'naked she came into the world, and naked she might pass through it, if her husband could not clothe her.'"

An elderly, determined-looking woman, who sat close to Mr. Heaviside's elbow, here fixed her grey, malicious-looking eyes on the garrulous Mrs. Bletsoe, nor withdrew them during the whole of her narra-

tive. "Now, to my simple apprehension;" persevered Mrs. B., "such a remark from a mother—A MOTHER, Mr. Heaviside, is an outrage on human nature. And I for one should suspect—ah!—oh! oh! you are not aware, sir, I presume, that I have tender feet, or you would not have pressed them so severely four different times:—I should suspect, that the real motives for withholding the bride's clothes and fortune, are other than those which the mother chooses to avow. In such a case, the law—what, Mr. Heaviside, two revokes in the course of the same rubber? This is really intolerable!"

"Intolerable indeed," echoed the elderly lady. "These, madam," said she, drawing sundry papers from her reticule, "these are letters from my poor, ill-advised daughter; brought here, indeed, for a very different purpose; which will prove that her clothes, her fortune, her books, and her

jewels, were surrendered on the first application she chose to make for them. And now, ma'am, an apology is at least due for this public impeachment of my conduct—and which—"

"I cannot make," said Mrs. B. "It is contrary to my practice. I never do it. Ah! I see my error. It is one of my unfortunate *contre temps.* I regret my inaccuracy, but can in no case retract my assertion."

"Then my solicitor shall wait upon you to-morrow."

He did so: and poor Mr. Bletsoe, who had a horror both of common law and equity, and whose daily prayer breathed a sincere desire to live in peace with all men, had a fit of the gout in consequence.

An action was forthwith threatened and commenced. While in progress, Mrs. Bletsoe encountered, at another party, Mr. Spencer Braham. At her own urgent and

earnest request, she was introduced to him.

"How remarkably you resemble your father!"

Mr. Spencer Braham bowed.

"Both in person and manner."

Another bow.

"And your voice"—this was true enough—"is of the same rich, mellow, manly kind. It is a glorious inheritance, sir: you may be proud of it."

Another bow, still lower than the former.

"Have you heard from him recently? He was well, I hope? He has married again, I believe; and has changed his religion?"

Mr. Spencer looked savage; and the bow this time was sufficiently constrained.

"We are very old friends: make my kind regards to him. I never missed his benefit: he will recollect me, I've no doubt."

Mr. Spencer Braham contrived and achieved a retreat.

"When does he make his debut?" was her eager inquiry of a by-stander.

The wag—he was an Oxonian and a college friend of Mr. Braham—replied, with imperturbable gravity, "*At Bishopthorpe Palace, on the* 18*th of next month.*"

"What! where the Archbishop of York resides?" screamed Mrs. Bletsoe.

"The same, and no other," was the response, uttered in a tone of profound regret.

"Gracious Heavens, how horrible! Believe me, sir, I had always a high opinion of that man: how one may be deceived! Theatricals in an Archbishop's palace! I begin to feel I have lived too long. His Grace, indeed, is known to be passionately fond of music, but this really shocks me! They may well talk of Church Reform! I'm at length persuaded of its necessity."

The next morning it was bruited and believed throughout Fairyford, that private theatricals were to be the Christmas amusements of Bishopsthorpe; young Mr. Braham being pledged to make his first appearance as *Count Belino* in *The Devil's Bridge*, and the subordinate characters being undertaken by the junior members of the Archbishop's family.

Well would it have been for the sleepy Mr. Bletsoe, if his lady's *contre-temps* had ended here! Fate decreed otherwise. The Exeter and Lympstone Bank had a branch at Fairyford, in the notes of which the farmers of the district paid their rents. About the period of the panic in 1825, the Lympstone dam, which secured from the ravages of the sea a large portion of low pasture land, suddenly gave way.

Mrs. Bletsoe heard of it, muddled it in some way or other, and at the close of a dinner-party announced it thus:—

"Sad calamity! heard it only this morning! The Lympstone bank has gone—upwards of one hundred families ruined!—Awful blow! Heaven knows what will become of this district—want and starvation menace us on every side! Further particulars to-morrow. Good night!"

The news flew round the neighbourhood like wildfire; and on the following morning, when the junior partner ambled into Fairyford on his blind gray pony, he found the door of his little den besieged by a crowd of clamorous applicants—their dirty hands filled with his still more dirty paper.

No explanation would suffice: no statement was heeded: all pressed towards the counter; and *a run*—that sound of omen to a banker—took place. To check it he was unable—to meet it he was unprovided. No alternative presented itself but to close the doors.

The panic spread; reached Lympstone;

proceeded on to Exeter; proving at each establishment equally disastrous in its consequences. The firm was compelled, *pro tempore*, to suspend its payments. The partners were furious. Inquiries were set on foot; and the author of the mischief proved to be Mrs. Bletsoe.

It was in vain she alleged it was one of her unhappy contre temps—that she invariably confounded names and places—that her memory was occasionally treacherous—and that "the whole affair should be regarded as a joke."

"A joke, ma'am? rather an expensive one," replied the leading partner, a saturnine bilious looking man, who shook with passion as he displayed to the calm and self-possessed Mrs. Bletsoe a docket, which some intemperate creditor had precipitately struck against the firm.

"The house is solvent, and will punish

its defamers," roared his son-in-law, a fox-hunter.

"We will take immediate measures," squeaked the puny cashier, as Mrs. B., with the most dignified disdain, motioned the trio from her presence.

They were in earnest. Notice of action was served on poor old Bletsoe as he was dozing in his easy chair; and some "d—d good-natured friend" comforted him with the assurance, that the adverse party intended laying the damages at ten thousand pounds.

The poor old man writhed with apprehension, which was not diminished on hearing his better half observe—

"Pooh! I've had twenty such threats in my time. To be sure something came of a few of them; for about seven causes were actually tried in court. But what of that? We obtained a verdict in all but four.

Don't allow yourself to be browbeaten. Mr. Wedderburne used to treat these missives as matters of course. And when you've had as much experience in common law as I have,"—old Bletsoe groaned—"you'll learn to use lawyer's letters as I do—to light my taper!"

Thus they parted. Mr. B. was found a few hours afterwards in his chair speechless. Medical aid was called in, but without avail. Mrs. Bletsoe was once more a widow. An inquest was held, and there was considerable diversity of opinion as well as difficulty about the wording of the verdict, which was increased by a bye-stander's suggesting, that if they adhered to fact it must run thus—"DIED OF A CONTRE-TEMPS."

MRS. ARBUTHNOT.

"Let women paint their eyes with tints of chastity, and adorn their whole person with the silk of sanctity, and the damask of devotion."—TERTULLIAN.

"An eminent philosopher insists that no woman should come abroad more than three times in her whole life: first to be baptized; then to be married; and lastly to be entombed."—BURTON.

"WHICH is Mrs. Arbuthnot?" said an elderly of the old school, whose bent form and silver locks told a tale of years gone by, to a young aspirant in diplomacy, during an entertainment at Lady Strong's, at Putney, "which is the confidant of Princess Lieven, and the counsellor of the Duke of

Wellington? Do I see her in that lovely woman, sitting near our host, with that singularly sweet expression and bright laughing eye?"

"No, that is the celebrated beauty, Rosamond Croker, the niece of the sarcastic secretary. The object of your inquiry is nearer home—hush! speak lower—look to the right of Mr. Holmes: see, she is listening with evident satisfaction to the *badinage* of the great captain. With his grizzled hair, hooked nose, and piercing eye, how like an old eagle! Now, now, she looks this way."

"And that is Mrs. Arbuthnot," said the old gentleman, musing. "Those faultless feminine features and clear pale countenance—"

"Which" interrupted his youthful mentor, "are invariably of the same delicate hue, and at no time, rare instance in a woman of fashon! masked with rouge: look at her

well: for *she's a woman that has served her country.*"

"Her country—how? when? where?"

"Those are questions more easily asked than answered: but as nothing ostensible appears, we must suppose it to be in the way of *secret service.* Aid," continued the young diplomatist, "she must have rendered and of no common description. Otherwise there would never have been granted under an administration on principle hostile to all extravagance—to unmerited pensions—to every species of expenditure unsanctioned by necessity; under a Premier who pared down the Custom House clerks without mercy; whose watchword was "*economy*" and general order "*retrenchment;*" who spared no salary, and respected no services—a pension of no less than NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHT POUNDS PER ANNUM TO HARRIET ARBUTHNOT.*—No, no; rely upon

* Pensions on civil list.—England. Harriet Arbuthnot,

it her claims upon her country are weighty, and her services in its behalf unimpeachable."

"She is fair," said the old gentleman, "but her predecessor was fairer."

"Her predecessor?"

"Yes: the first Mrs. Arbuthnot was one of the most intellectual, elegant, fascinating women that ever lived. Her daughter Lady Henry Cholmondely in manner resembles her. She accompanied Mr. Arbuthnot in his embassy to Constantinople, and many of his dispatches are indebted for their precision, force, and clearness to the corrections of her severer taste. Long Wellesley—then an indefatigable student and accomplished man of business, *heu! quantum mutatus ab illo*—was secretary to

938*l*. 10*s*. Sir Henry Parnell on Financial Reform. 3rd edition, p. 324. To the curious in pensions, the Appendix to this remarkably clever and singularly *accurate* work will afford some most extraordinary information. It contains many startling facts.

the embassy; and could bear willing testimony to her delight at the opportunity of enriching her mind with associations acquired from personal observation of a country full of interest, and but little known.

The last letters that flowed from her polished pen--and those who knew her best will be the first to do justice to the brilliancy of her style, the fidelity and the variety of her descriptive powers—breathed the language of youth and hope; spoke of past pleasures, and anticipated future gratification: the next accounts stated she was no more.

She died at Pera—died when the sad event was utterly unexpected—died under the hands of "*native talent,*" in other words, some Turkish quack undertook her cure, was credited, and confided in—died mourned by the whole embassy, and bewailed by her agonized mother—died, except as far

as Mr. Arbuthnot was concerned, in the midst of strangers and alone!

But now mark—continued the old chronicler—what trifling events may colour with disaster a whole train of important circumstances.

About the period of Mrs. Arbuthnot's death the first memorable investigation was instituted relative to the (then) Princess of Wales. To bear out the charges against this unfortunate woman, the evidence of Mrs. Arbuthnot's mother, Mrs. Lisle,* one of her Royal Highness's ladies in waiting, was peremptorily required. It was given; and was the only deposition which militated materially against the Princess. "It is the only part of the case" thus ran her Royal Highness's letter to her Royal father-in-law, "which I conceive to be in the least against me, or that rests upon a witness at all worthy of your Majesty's credit."

* Sister to the late Marquis of Cholmondeley.

It was, in fact, as I have reason well to know, the sole deposition which distressed the Princess—the solitary testimony which neither the ingenuity of Mr. Perceval could ridicule, nor the arguments of Lord Eldon invalidate. It contained one particular passage, which they both feared would prove fatal in a certain quarter.

"Her Royal Highness behaved to him (Captain Manby) only as any woman would who likes FLIRTING. *She* (Mrs. Lisle) *would not have thought any married woman would have behaved properly, who behaved as Her Royal Highness did to Captain Manby.* She can't say whether the Princess was attached to Captain Manby, only that it was FLIRTING CONDUCT." *

It was "this sweeping sentence which went to prove so much," that the old King

* Evidence of the Honourable Mrs. Lisle in the delicate investigation before Earl Spencer, Lord Erskine. &c. &c. in 1805—6.

was heard more than once to declare, that he "had tried and tried in vain to banish it from his remembrance." It was to this statement, short but full of meaning, that the Prince was known again and again to have referred:—"I abandon to the infamy she merits Lady Douglas; but—but, sire, the evidence of Mrs. Lisle!"

Now of this evidence of Mrs. Lisle, so important, so unfavourable, and so relied upon, what is the secret history? It is curious, and runs thus: When Mrs. Lisle received the summons from Lord Chancellor Erskine, acquainting her that her evidence was required before the Commissioners then sitting, she had just perused the melancholy tidings of her daughter's death. If ever mother and child were deeply and devotedly attached; if ever mother doated upon the external loveliness and mental endowments of an idolized daughter; if ever daughter reverenced a

mother's lofty and unimpeachable character, and remembered with grateful and delighted accuracy a mother's ardent and unceasing love; these were the sentiments reciprocally entertained by Mrs. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Lisle.

The agony of the survivor beggared description. She wept in unutterable anguish. "I cannot appear before the Council! Half frantic and distracted as I am, with my heart swollen almost to bursting by this bitter bereavement, and my thoughts all tending towards my daughter's grave—is it possible I can enter upon a subject which requires such caution, such deliberation, such self-possession, such reflection? For God's sake write and entreat them to grant me a fortnight's delay."

The answer returned was brief and heartless. No delay could be afforded. There was, in fact, little probability of a different reply. The peculiar circumstances of the

case—the general excitement throughout the country—the feelings of the parties interested—the anxiety of the reigning monarch—all precluded the possibility of protracted delay.

But of this Lord Erskine's answer stated nothing. It was couched briefly, peremptorily, harshly. Coarsely was it written, and keenly was it felt.

"I have not deserved this," was Mrs. Lisle's remark to her tried and valued friend Mrs. Forster. "His Lordship should have known me better. But I go—unfitted indeed for the ordeal! I go—and the blame be on those who *dragged* me to their tribunal, if my evidence be tinged by my sorrows." She went—and her evidence *did* take a tone—a tone of reprehension and severity—from the grief which overwhelmed her. This her Royal Highness's advisers at once detected, and Mrs. Lisle never denied. "Thank God this most

painful portion of my life is past!" was her hurried exclamation as she quitted the Council Chamber; "and now," said she, as she entered her carriage, "with Courts I have done for ever! This hour I resign my office."

"To the Princess?"

"No; *from* the Prince I received my appointment; *to* the Prince will I resign it."

In a letter which bore the impress of wounded feelings, and contained touches of the truest pathos—which detailed the painful struggle in her own mind,—and while it paid the deference due to her Prince, kept steadily in view what was due to herself,—she intreated permission to lay at H. R. H. feet the appointment which he had formerly conferred upon her in his consort's household. A copy of this affecting communication is yet in existence. *I have one.* He to whom it was addressed

was far too generous not to own its justice —had too high a sense of honour not to feel its truth.

"I am but too sensible of the difficulties of Mrs. Lisle's situation. They are certainly here very strongly stated. Yet the letter is precisely what a high-spirited and high-principled woman, like Mrs. Lisle, might be supposed to have written; and I entertain for her undiminished respect."

"You have called," said the young diplomatist, "the late Queen unfortunate— how is this?"

"I have," said the old man sternly; "and will not recal the epithet. Without passing any opinion on her guilt or her innocence, I term her an unfortunate Princess, because I think few will deny her just claim to that appellation; and that still fewer will assert that she was not, during the greater part of her life, and particularly the closing scenes of it, an object of

the sincerest pity. I am old, and, from circumstances and situation, know much of the earlier passages of her married life. I was at Brighton during the first visit of the Princess;—the only period at which she was an inmate of the Pavilion. I was at table on one particular occasion, when Lady Jersey—she has since gone to her account—may she have found mercy with her God!—was sitting at the right hand of the Prince, monopolizing, as usual, his entire and undivided attention. The Princess, who knew little of English manners, and was unguarded in her own, was guilty of some trivial violation of etiquette, which drew down upon her a hasty censure from the Prince, somewhat harshly expressed. The Princess rose, and withdrew in tears. The Prince, who, left to himself, was ever generous and kind-hearted, and who had not calculated that his remark would produce such painful results, rose to follow

her. Lady Jersey—what a retrospect a dying hour must have unrolled to the view of that fearful woman!—exclaimed, "Go, go by all means. Follow her. Soothe her by your submission, and then sue for pardon. Let her see her own power. *She will never abuse it.*" The Prince hesitated—advanced—returned—and, with a smile, resumed his seat. Lady Jersey had triumphed.

The circumstance was canvassed at Brighton, and commented on. It was mentioned in my hearing, and I called it "unmanly conduct." My observation was repeated, and I was dismissed. I was told, "THAT IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES NO MAN WAS ALLOWED TO HAVE AN OPINION OF HIS OWN."

The Princess was unfortunate in other respects. Dr. Randolph, the Prebendary of Bristol, was appointed to an embassy of a private nature to Germany. Among

other commissions, he was charged with letters from the Princess of Wales, which he was directed to deliver personally to the Duchess of Brunswick, and other members of her family. For some reason or other, the Doctor received counter orders, and another gentleman was dispatched to Germany in his stead. Instead of surrendering the Princess's packet to herself in person, he transmitted it to her lady-in-waiting, Lady Jersey, to be by her delivered to her royal mistress. The packet was opened—found to contain letters commenting, in ludicrous terms, on various members of her husband's family, and his mother in particular—these letters were handed over to the parties—and never forgiven. That such communications were highly censurable, indiscreet, and improper, I admit: but what epithet sufficiently strong can be applied to the treachery which could thus way-lay and appropriate them?

The end of the Countess was singular. During the Queen's trial, and for some years previous to it, she resided at Cheltenham. On the withdrawal of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, she received a round-robin, numerously signed, telling her that her presence was not desired at Cheltenham, and that she would consult both her quiet and her safety, by a speedy retreat. Considerably chagrined at this document, which was powerfully and convincingly written, she asked a leading personage at Cheltenham, whether public opinion there ran so strongly against her as her letter averred. She was told it did; and that the advice given in the round-robin was, in the opinion of her counsellor, judicious and sound.

"Then I will quit Cheltenham without delay."

Whether she did so, and only reached the first stage of her journey—or whether, when all her hasty preparations were com-

plete, she was suddenly taken ill, I am unable to state positively. This I can affirm, that the vexation and annoyance consequent on the round-robin, brought on the illness which rapidly terminated her existence. She died in the same week as the Queen; and their funeral processions passed on the road. Strange that they should thus meet, both silent in death— the injurer and the injured—the oppressor and the victim!

A more false position can never be assumed, than that happiness, and independence, and self-respect, are indigenous within the precincts of a palace. A packet of poor Mrs. Jordan's letters, which I now hold in my hand, will sufficiently disprove it. Two in particular, addressed to her daughter, Mrs. Alsop, though dated from "Bushy House," and franked by a cabinet minister, tell as melancholy a tale of sorrow as language can well express.

Kind-hearted, generous woman! her bounty to an unworthy relative, and the base return he made for it accelerated her end. Henshaw, the stone-mason, and myself, with another Englishman, were all that followed her to her lonely grave in a foreign land. The letters—but the night wanes, and the party is separating. Lady Strong is dropping her court curtsey, and Mr. Holmes his best bow. I will read those I mentioned to you, as we proceed, if you will allow me to set you down."

ODD POSITIONS.

> "All human business fortune doth command
> Without all order; and with her blind hand
> She, blind, bestows blind gifts."
>
> BEN JONSON.

"NEVER permit yourself," was the advice of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough to his ward and follower, the unfortunate Piers Marchlaw, who afterwards perished by an assassin's hand; "to be surprized in an ODD POSITION. To a soldier it is fatal. His friends never forget it: and his foes invariably improve it."

But what is an "*odd position?*" To

define it is difficult. To instance it easy. During the Banker's fever, in the memorable Christmas of 1824, the epidemic reached Cambridge, and visited those saturnine guardians of the "University chest" —the Messrs. Mortlocks. Symptoms of a severe run were all at once unequivocal: but Messrs. Mortlocks were "wise in their generation," and determined to meet it with an unusual display of dignity. They were fortunate enough to be related to a Bishop, then head of one of the Colleges in Cambridge, who possessed, and most deservedly, considerable influence both with Town and Gown. Him they persuaded to stand behind their Counter and Exchange their paper. The experiment was novel and succeeded. But the scene in the Banking House on that eventful morning was somewhat *unique*. Wilkie would have rejoiced to witness it. The rear was occupied by anxious clerks, and their still

more anxious masters. The foreground was crowded with greasy graziers, bawling market-women, and godless gownsmen, who one and all wanted faith—at least in the firm—all striving, all struggling, which should first reach the counter, and face the prelate. While midway stood the good little bishop, perched upon a stool—wig, silk apron, and shovel-hat, all complete—brandishing a bundle of filthy paper in one hand, and a small hand-scuttle full of sovereigns in the other—and labouring away in his new vocation with singular zeal and cheerfulness. Altogether the tableau was curious: and the bishop's situation, surrounded by the mammon of unrighteousness, may be unhesitatingly termed "AN ODD POSITION."

A similar epithet may be applied to an epoch in the life of the late celebrated Dr. Hawker, of Plymouth. Dr. Hawker, in the full meridian of his powers, received a

letter, acquainting him that his fame, as a "constraining preacher," had reached the ears of the Marchioness of Hertford; that she had been for some time in a declining state of health; and that her medical attendants had at length admitted that her end was approaching. Aware of this, she wished, before her departure, to be benefited by the personal exhortations of the man whose writings she had perused with such intense pleasure; and he was entreated to lose not an hour in putting himself into a chaise, and posting up to Manchester Square.

The Doctor bustled about—made his arrangements—talked of time being on the wing—the necessity of "saving such a grievous sinner"—and in a very few hours after the receipt of his letter, was on his road to London.

On his arrival in Manchester Square late in the evening, he found the mansion of

the Marquis lighted up, and some degree of bustle apparently both within and without it.

"Ah, poor daughter of vanity!" said he, she is nearing her end. All around her is confusion. They know not which way to turn. She has lived in the midst of ceaseless uproar, and now she is dying with the *babble* of the world sounding in her ears."

He announced himself. The servants stared. He told them he had come up to town on particular business with the Marchioness. They opened their eyes still wider. He added, that the Marchioness had written to him, and her summons he had obeyed. They looked more confounded than ever. He then gave his card—observed that "that his time and hers were alike precious;" and peremptorily desired them to shew him into her presence. The major-domo led the way; the doctor briskly followed; and in a few

moments found himself in a splendid drawing-room brilliantly lighted up, where "this grievous sinner" was entertaining, with exuberant health and undiminished gaiety, a very select party, and near whom was sitting, on a chaise lounge, the most polished man—the first gentleman in England.

The astonishment depicted in the doctor's countenance at his entrée, reflected by the boundless amazement of the titled party, who began to think some bedlamite had escaped from St. Luke's and appeared amongst them—the mirth with such extreme difficulty suppressed which the doctor's explanation created, and the laughter with which the room echoed when the door closed upon his retreat, may be imagined by the reader.

An equally "odd position" may be found in the career of a another public character.

A physician at Exeter was one day summoned to see, at Alphington, a man who was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption. He found the case by no means desperate; the sufferer himself resigned and patient; and withal singularly well informed, acute, and intelligent. Considerable mystery seemed to hang over his past life. And wherever it had been passed, peril and privation had marked it; and the various vicissitudes to which man is liable, seemed to have fallen under his keen observation, and to have swelled his store of experience.

Struck with the philosophy and fortitude of the stranger, and anxious to save him for the sake of his young and helpless family, Dr. —— was unremitting in his attentions, and had the good fortune to find his care repaid by the rapidly returning health of his patient. Calling one Sunday evening to take his leave, he found the

invalid listening to his two eldest children, who were reading the Bible aloud. The Doctor congratulated him upon being able to say "good bye" to his medical attendant, and uttered some common-place compliment upon the nature of his employment.

"Yes, sir," was his reply, "my present position is a strange one; though God forbid that my children—" said he, as he patted their heads and dismissed them to rest—"should be such as myself. You will think it both hypocritical and unnatural, when I tell you that I am Robertson the burglar. You must have heard of me, sir."

"Often," said the Doctor, faintly.

"It could scarcely be otherwise," returned the other, in a lower tone. "There is not a county gaol in the kingdom, nor a judge on the bench, nor a country bank of any note, that I am not personally acquainted with. You have treated me kindly,

generously, forbearingly. The day may come when I may be able to show you that I appreciate your worth, though I cannot imitate it. But to time present. The city police have ferreted out my retreat. A Bow-street officer will be down to-morrow: he will visit you before nine o'clock. You see we have our sources of secret intelligence, as well as the minions in power. I do not choose you should be taken by surprize. See him or not, as you please: this time I defy him and them. But it is due to you, sir, that I should myself tell you whom you have been attending, and by whom you stand a chance of being questioned."

The police officer arrived. Robertson was apprehended. Two old blundering bankers—one of them went into the Gazette about six weeks afterwards—affected to be half wild with apprehension, at learning that the notorious bank burglar was in their immediate neighbourhood. While the

county magistrate who presided over the proceedings—he enlightens Brighton with his wisdom at present—expressed the most virtuous indignation that such a miscreant was permitted to exist—

"Our capital," said one.

"The public welfare," echoed the other.

"I live in perpetual apprehension," chimed the senior.

"The safety of the city of Exeter," roared the junior.

"Experience"—began the elder banker in a solemn tone—

"Makes fools wise," said Robertson, finishing the sentence for him, and with enviable nonchalance addressing the chair. "You need, gentleman, be under no apprehension. *There is not a Bank in Exeter worth robbing*. Mr. ——, you are extremely vivacious, considering you are not a man of *mettle*--you understand me. It might be as well though, if your clerks

were a little more correct in their figuring: for allow me to observe to you, that in Ledger B. pages 5, 7, and 63, the balances are cast up wrong. You will find the *real* total put in pencil in the bottom of the page; the *false* total scored through! Excuse the liberty Mr. ——; the temptation was irresistible."

Mr. —— sidled down the Mayor's chamber in double quick time; and was never heard to mention the name of Robertson the Cracksman afterwards.

Against that worthy no charge could be substantiated; and he was accordingly dismissed. The following day he disappeared: and the Doctor thought they had met for the last time. Many years afterwards, the Doctor's second son was in Paris: and was astonished to find himself an object of unceasing attention to a Monsieur de —— who loaded him with civilities, and to whose kindness there appeared no end or

limit. He mentioned to his father the innumerable attentions this friendly foreigner had shewn him ;—the way in which all his wishes were anticipated and his amusements provided for ;—and concluded by observing ;—

"Were I his son he could not lavish on me greater and more constant attention."

The doctor joined his son at Paris on the accession of Louis Philippe. As they were crossing towards the Tuileries, "See," cries the young man, "here comes the Citizen King and his family. That on his right-hand is the Duc de Nemours, attended as usual by my mysterious friend M. de St. ——"

"De St. what?" said the doctor, looking up in amaze, and staring till his eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. "Do I dream? 'Tis Robertson the cracksman, and in the royal cortege?"

But the oddest of all odd positions is

Mrs. Fry's during her periodical address to the female criminals in Newgate. The simple earnestness of the benevolent speaker —her calm, clear tones—the guilt and wretchedness which surround her—the stare of astonishment—the frown of hatred —the leer of levity—the apathy of despair —render one of Mrs. Fry's exhortations in Newgate a study for the painter. In sooth, for a woman of education, of delicacy, and refinement, 'tis an odd position.

How the benevolent warm-hearted woman can persevere under such discouraging circumstances, is a marvel even to those who know her steadfastness. Occasionally too, impromptu replies are made which for the moment set gravity at defiance.

"Little friend," says Mrs. F. to a dirty, ragged, gawky girl of seven years old, "thou knowest thy commandments; tell me what doth the fifth commandment teach thee?"

"ADULTERY, mum," was the reply.

THE CLOSE OF A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

AN EVERY DAY STORY.

"Why did she love him?—Curious fool be still—
Is human love, the growth of human will?"—

LORD BYRON.

"COME, Frank, help yourself to the claret, and send it back. The bottle has been standing with you for the last half hour. Why muse so deeply?" I inquired of my guest; once my school-fellow, as we sat over our dessert.

"Muse," he replied, starting, "Faith, I was unconscious of my abstraction. I was rather listening to the sighing of the breeze,

and the pattering of the foot passengers by the window in this wretched rainy night. I should think that you professors of the art of healing find it somewhat disagreeable to be called up at all hours, and in all weather. To you who have such a widely extended practice, it must occur somewhat too often. And yet I hardly know, since your practice is situated here in the west end, and among the higher grades of society—"

"Reckon not too hastily, Frank. Whereever medical men happen to be practising, scenes are disclosed to their eyes,—secrets are confided to their trust,—which are carefully veiled from others wanting their professional privileges. This is the more frequently the case, as the rank of the party ascends in life. I myself have witnessed marvellously strange sights and scenes. An instance rises fresh to my recollection. Indeed, it occurred so recently"—

"Hah! let me have it then: but stay, drain your glass; and let me fill up. Nor would the fire be worse for a slight acquaintance with the poker. Suppose we draw towards it. So, now for your narrative."

"Nay do not expect any thing especially wonderful; nor is it necessary that you should ever repeat the facts. They only tend to prove the bitter re-action of material pleasures, more especially when pursued through a path of vice. On the evening in question, I had returned about ten o'clock from Norwood, where I happened to have a stray patient—an intimate friend. My carriage had been driven off to the stables, and I sat down to some slight refreshment, rubbing my hands with pleasure as enjoying the domestic comforts around me, while the storm raged so relentlessly without. I had been much fagged, and after giving the usual accounts of myself and the

day's occupation to Mrs. ——, retired to rest. In a few hours I was awakened by the violent ringing of the night-bell. Tired and weary, and provoked at this invasion of my rest, I at first tried to persuade myself that it was the effect of fancy, and remained quiet,—listening for a repetition of the summons. A few seconds had passed, when a tremendous peal succeeded. I hastened to the window, and perceived a man cowering under the porch from the pelting of the shower, while the gas-light displayed him occasionally peeping up at the front of the house, to observe if any light indicated that his summons had been heard. I threw up the sash. Hey! there below, what may you want?

"Are you Mr. —— the surgeon?"

"I am."

"Then for the sake of mercy, Sir, get your clothes on, come down, and run over to twenty-seven in * * street, for there a

gentleman up stairs has cut his throat and is bleeding to death."

"Is it so? twenty-seven say you? I will be there without the loss of a second."—My night lamp was burning; I slipped on what habiliments I could seize most readily; flung my roquelaure over my shoulders; snatched up the little case of instruments which I invariably carry; and putting some laudanum and hartshorn into my pocket, hurried off to the street he mentioned. Guided by the number, I reached a large and fashionable house, rang, and knocked loudly at the door. The man who had called me appeared, and hurriedly ushered me up stairs. Rapid as was my ascent, I could not but observe the style of luxury and elegance which distinguished the dwelling. Its spacious hall, with its noble fire-place and massy chairs, opened upon a broad stone staircase. At the foot, two marble graces supported a pair of or-

molu lamps, one of which had been hastily relit. The stair-carpet, by its soft bushy feel, was of costly texture; the balustrade was simple and heavy; and on the first landing-place I passed what appeared to me to be a beautifully painted window.

"Here, here, sir," said the servant showing me into a long and lofty drawing-room.

"Where—in what direction?" I asked, for the chamber from its size was but imperfectly lit with the three candles that were there burning. I looked around, but I saw nothing that I could take to be my patient, though here again I was struck with the air of magnificence which was stamped on every surrounding object. The room seemed multiplied into a boundless gallery by two splendid pier mirrors at either end, which reflected the gloom and the solitary taper that attempted to dispel it. I trod upon a Persian carpet. The

walls were covered with a damask paper richly relieved with gold. The silken drapery of the windows was of the same colour, edged with what appeared to be lace. Pier glasses were again introduced between these, with marble tables on gilt sculptured stands. "Suicide, in such a room," thought I; "impossible! Surely suicide is confined to the needy and the necessitous—to the wretched and the desperate!" and I quickly advanced to dispel my doubts. I stumbled—almost fell. A wax light had been dashed from the table—I picked it up from beneath my feet; and on the other side I beheld, through the folding-doors which were half open, two figures. In an instant I was at their side. Judge what a scene awaited me. Upon a superb sofa reclined a young man. His pallid features, partly concealed by a profusion of dark hair, were turned upwards. His head was propped by the pillows, the golden-coloured

brocades of which were literally dropping with the life-blood that trickled from his wound. His neck was bare, and a large military cloak concealed the rest of his long and apparently fine figure. His features were marked; and in their natural state I should have said were handsome. They were now expressive only of agony and despair! Hideous—hideous—never shall I succeed in banishing them from my remembrance! the more so that, despite of the horror and phrenzy pictured there, a strong and vivid cast of manly beauty might still be traced. But the point of the deepest attraction remained unseen. On the floor beside the sofa lay something—a heap apparently of clothes. I seized a candle from the table—I looked—it was a female—a lady—her head reclined upon her arm in utter insensibility: but such a head—it was loveliness itself! I raised her up; rang for the attendants; applied restora-

tives; and then examined the suicide. A collapse of his system had taken place from the extreme loss of blood. Life was yet lingering on the verge of eternal night. He had cut the jugular, but not severed it. I took it up, and secured it above and below, applying pressure; but though I adopted every means that occurred to me for the prolongation of life, slender, very slender hope remained. The patient was mute and senseless, and with great difficulty swallowed the wine which I ordered for him. Having finished giving my directions, I turned to the lady, who, surrounded by her servants, was beginning to shew signs of returning sensibility. Stretched at full length upon the chaise-longue, and loosely robed in her dressing-gown of ermine, I think I never beheld a more voluptuous figure. She was fair—dazzlingly fair, —with a queenly brow, on which her griefs sat like a crown—adding to her beauty,

yet weighing her to the ground. Her eyes were hazel, large, full, and transparent—or, as the French say, "*gazelle.*" Her features of full size, but far from coarse; and her glossy, raven ringlets, and full rounded lips, were strangely contrasted by the hueless cheek of agony and affright.

There was a wild, fearful dignity in her look and manner, as she eyed those around her, and demanded, "*Where is he?*" The servants moved aside, and pointed to me; but waving her small white hand imperiously, she exclaimed, "No—no—where is Lord ——?" and then she checked herself—started up—looked round her—recognized the figure on the sofa—and springing to his side, while she wrung her hands, kissed, with the recklessness of despair, the cold forehead that was dabbled with its own blood. The motion had loosened the robe; and as it fell from her shoulders, half displayed a bust of the most exquisite sym-

metry. Clearing the apartment of the wondering menials, I hastened to wrap it round her; and taking her from the all-engrossing object of her commiseration, used every effort to calm her emotion, said, that nothing more could be effected for my patient at present, and begged to know if I might demand an explanation. She hesitated—was yet more strongly affected—and while the tears coursed one another along her colourless cheek, she communicated to me the information which I so strongly desired to learn.

"Well appointed, luxurious, and splendid as every thing appears around me," she began, "you must not for a moment credit appearances. The lowest degree of baseness and crime—the most sad reverses of penury and want—nay the most abject state of destitution never engendered a greater degree of wretchedness and misery, rage or despair, than that which now de-

vours me. I am of that class how truly! Oh, how truly styled the unfortunate!" clasping her hands; "of that class to which the name of pleasure has been so falsely, so fatally attached!—I WAS *once*—that I should live to say it!—happy and innocent respected and beloved. I am—I know it—a wretch, an outcast from society here—an alien from heaven hereafter. But which is the deeper criminal—the tempter or the tempted—the betrayer or the betrayed? Of what aggravation is *his* guilt susceptible, who, with all the blandishment of voice and manner, of person and accomplishments, puts forth his whole energies for the conquest of a young and innocent girl, and then, having succeeded in awakening a deep interest in her bosom, basely takes advantage of a moment of affection and weakness, to cover her with an eternity of infamy and shame? What epithet is too strong for him who works upon the most

holy passion for the most fiend-like purpose? Spare me, in mercy, recounting to you the disgusting details of vice. I fell. Yet ask me not when, or where, or how, under the most solemn assurance of marriage, I was lured from my happy village home. A father's curse—a brother's blood—he fell in avenging—idle word!—his sister's wrongs—are alone sufficient to weigh down my soul. But heaven is just. There lies my seducer. We met accidentally and unexpectedly, after an interval of many years:—he, half maddened by the excitement of a gaming-house, after six-and-thirty hours' continued play, during which he had staked and lost his own, his mother's, and his sister's portion, rushed in a state of frenzy hither, and met—*me*; me, whom he had by arts worthy of a demon made the wretch you see—me, the victim of an affection too fondly and fatally cherished—me, the daughter of the instructor

of his youth, the friend of his manhood, the guardian of his property, and the preserver of his life! Yes, to Lord ——, my dear good father, the old Rector of Sedgeley, was all this, and more. His horror at recognizing me was equalled only by my own distress. He rushed like a maniac from my presence—I know no more." She paused, and hiding her beautiful and expressive face between her hands, burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Such a story, from one so eminently calculated to excite the most tender interest, affected me deeply. I said every thing in the shape of consolation that suggested itself, but without success. Again and again she demanded if I could give her any hopes of the life of my patient, but his recovery I considered too problematical to warrant my holding out any expectation of such a result. Having at length persuaded her to swallow a

little laudanum, and retire to rest, I took my leave, promising a second visit early on the ensuing morning. I called: the servant, with consternation in his looks, showed me hurriedly, but in silence, to the drawing-room. There lay my patient, on the sofa where I had seen him the preceding evening, but what a hideous spectacle! The room, the floor, the splendid furniture, all were saturated or smeared with gore. The bandages had been torn from the patient's neck, and remained grasped in his clenched and icy fingers; the pallid face of the deceased, dashed and spotted with the ensanguined current, was fixed and cold in death; while on the contracted brow was stamped, too legibly to be mistaken, remorse, and fury, and despair. A low maniacal laugh disturbed the awful silence. I started. Opposite to me stood the fair victim: her costly robes were dyed in the life-stream of him she had so sadly loved;

and with her small and alabaster hand dipped in the fatal stream, she was tracing some characters on an adjacent mirror. She did not recognize me, but hummed a low, wild air, in which I could only distinguish the words, "*Thy lover, thy bridegroom has come at last!*" Turning away in horror, her servant stood before me. She briefly told me, that on the gentleman's returning to sense, he called loudly for her mistress. She flew to him with the utmost fondness. He feebly clasped her hand, and pressed it to his lips and heart. "The ruin of all that I once held dear," said he, "why should I continue to exist? I cannot—were it at my option, I would not. Ellen, I am dying! Forgive me—forgive me, before it is too late! His fair hearer had swooned beside him: he looked down on her with agony; he was unable to assist her; and frantically tearing the bandages from his neck, was barely heard to say,

"Why live? — dishonoured myself — the cause of irreparable dishonour to others — branded with the mark of Cain —" and in a few seconds life was drained from the wound which his own rash hand had made. They called her back to life, but not to reason — that had fled for ever.

No doubt now remained on my mind that the noble seducer and suicide were one. What a picture of guilt! The soul of one had rushed, with all the crime of self-murder, to the judgment of its God; the spirit of the other, condemned to the sad durance of its mortal prison, was denied the poor and clouded glimmerings of light with which even this lower world is blest!

A WOMAN OF FEW WORDS.

FROM THE

JOURNAL OF THE VETERAN COL. WHYCHCOTTE.

"Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge to balance the account perpetually betwixt you, the trade drops at once The weather is not a safe topic of discourse;—your company may be hippish; nor is health—your associate may be a *malade imaginaire;* nor is money—you may be suspected as a borrower."—STERNE AND ZIMMERMAN.

I AM staying at Dinsdale Spa for the benefit of my health. My companions are a lank apothecary, who has survived all his patients, and that prodigy—*a woman of few words.* Fancy to yourself a little dark woman, with a huge mouth, a tongue much

too large for it, who has literally talked herself thin; who prates remarkably fast, and gesticulates pretty considerably; and closes her narrative only when compelled by the recurrence of a wearing constitutional cough. She is one of those women who, when they begin a sentence, seem never to know how it will end. I defy you to guess at the concluding clause of any one of hers. And ever and anon she observes, "I hate your great talkers—nothing so unfeminine! Thank God and a good education, *I'm a woman of few words.* The naked truth is my motto—uh! uh! uh!—naked—uh! uh!—naked is my—uh! uh! I say, my—ah! uh!—this dreadful cough! never mind—you understand me." She ought to have been the wife of the wandering Jew. Her present position and her future expectancies are carefully mystified, but she appears to have been all over the world, and to know something of every

body. I cannot say that I feel altogether at ease in her society. In attendance on this female is another, whom the elder styles daughter. This petticoat dilates upon "Mal Aria," the "Pontine marshes," and the "Theory of the Plague." Her "sense of smelling is singularly delicate, and the misery she suffers in consequence, appalling. Whether this be fact or fiction, is best known to herself. This point is clear to others—that her nose has acquired such a decided turn up—such an ineffable, determined elevation—that she seems perpetually on the sniff.

Saturday, September 11.—The widow, 'bating her nonsense, is rather an entertaining creature. She gave us this evening an account of a palpable hoax, to which she was a party. "What glorious gulls," said Ambrogetti, as he left the pier at Dover, "are the intellectual British people!" The widow was at Doncaster, when that pretty,

picturesque little town was put into a ferment by the arrival of the Countess Czarwitzy. The lady and her suite occupied three carriages and four. She purposed remaining at Doncaster at least a couple of months, and fixed her head-quarters at the Angel. The Countess was a very lovely woman, dressed in deep mourning. Her history was quite romantic. She was a wife at fifteen, and a widow on the first anniversary of her marriage. Her husband was a Polish nobleman of high rank, who fell at the head of his battalion in the first Turkish campaign. He was greatly beloved by the Emperor Nicholas, who, in consideration of his gallantry and services, had bestowed upon her an ample pension. "But nothing could console her for the loss of her Czarwitzy, whose miniature was her constant companion," and on which she lavished unbounded caresses. An exquisitely painted picture of a remarkably handsome fellow it

undoubtedly was! She "had letters of introduction to several of the English nobility; among others, one from the Emperor, written in his own hand, addressed to the Duke of Devonshire. She was in no hurry to present it; for in her present mournful circumstances, she had lost all relish for society!" It was miraculous with what greediness these marvellous declarations were swallowed. The Doncaster people were quite delighted. "She spoke the prettiest broken English imaginable, with such an exquisitely foreign accent. She was such a timid, retiring creature; so artless and unassuming; so helpless and interesting!" In fact, what with her title, and her beauty, and her royal introduction to the owner of Chatsworth, *and her handsome pension,* for decidedly her purse was heavy and her payments punctual—most marvellous was the *fureur* she excited in Doncaster.

Then, in her "*imperfect, artless diction,*"

she told such moving tales of the late Count, of his bravery, his affection, the love he bore his country, and the attachment shown him by the troops, his glorious career and premature fate—that all the listening young ladies raised their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and declared "it was quite affecting!"

There was about this time a corporation ball at Doncaster, and after infinite persuasion the Countess was prevailed upon to promise that she would be present. The mayor himself waited upon her with a card of invitation, and Sir William Cooke handed her into the supper room. The knowing ones do say, that at this juncture her eyes twinkled in a manner they were unable to understand, as if she was laughing heartily in her sleeve at something which tickled her fancy.

A few days after the ball she fell ill. The Vicar of Doncaster, Dr. Sharpe, called to inquire if *he* could be of any use; and

an elderly lady, of a highly respectable family, nursed her with the most tender assiduity, and sat up all night by her side.

But the cream of the joke was this, that Mrs. Brooke, a lady of the most undisputed sagacity,—Mrs. Brooke, who investigated every body's pretensions, and had never been deceived in all her life,—Mrs. Brooke, who was the Queen Charlotte of Doncaster, and an infallible judge of female propriety,—Mrs. Brooke, who was the referee on all points of etiquette,—who had never said a foolish thing, nor listened to an unwise one,—confirmed the Countess's pretensions by inviting her to a very select tea-party, composed of the exclusives and *élite* of Doncaster. Ten days after this memorable event a public breakfast was given at Beech Hall. A mob of people were present, and among the rest some red-coats from a neighbouring depot. Of these the youngest, and the greatest mad-

cap of the party, came up to the Countess, and giving her a smart tap on the back, exclaimed, "What Rose? Can I believe my eyes? What wind has blown you here? Your old friends in Weedon Barracks are quite *au desespoir* at your departure." *The pretender was a public character.*

The consternation that ensued beggars all description. The young ladies who were gathered around the Countess parted right and left. Those who had bonnets put them on; and those who had not walked home without them. As for Mrs. Brooke, who was seated at the head of one of the tables slicing a pine-apple, she fainted, and lay for some hours in a swoon, from which nothing could rouse her. I was the best off of the whole party. I had only curtsied to the Countess; never, thank my stars! exchanged a syllable with her on any given subject. I was brought up at Camden House. They taught me there

that least said is soonest mended. Thanks to that and an asthmatic affection, I am a woman of few words, and it is not much that I say to any body.

Monday, September 13.—"Ha!" said the widow, starting, "those are the —— liveries; and there sits the Marquis on his route to —— Yes, the effrontery of that visage is not easily forgotten. I wonder whether he conceives there is a more important personage in the universe than himself? And yet the memorable rebuff which he received at Vienna would have tamed any other man for life."

"Let us hear it by all means."

"The Marquis, as you must have heard, was, ambassador for some years at the Austrian Court. In the environs of Vienna there is a private park, or pleasure ground, which the royal family alone have a right to ride in. This is their exclusive privilege.

It is well known and never violated. His Lordship, with that happy self-confidence which he so eminently possesses, resolved that this privilege should no longer be royal, and accordingly rode up briskly one day to the barrier. The sentinel, presenting arms, informed him he could allow no horseman to pass who was not a member of the Imperial family. His Lordship—you know his bold, bullying manner—insisted on riding through; told the soldier he *would*—he *must* pass: at his peril to prevent him; it was as much as his life was worth to offer any further obstruction. The sentinel calmly but firmly repeated the well-known order that none but royal equestrians were permitted to ride in that park. 'Your Lordship may enter, but not on horseback. I have no instructions, no intention to oppose your Lordship's passage when dismounted. On horseback you can

not, and you shall not, proceed while I stand posted here on guard to prevent you.

His Excellency uttered an oath which, in the mouth of a plebeian, would have been pronounced vulgar; muttered something about his being the representative of majesty, and then pushed on. *The sentinel presented his musket, and in an instant shot the horse dead.*

Vehement was his Lordship's rage. Long and loudly did he storm. He denounced the most dreadful punishments on the head of the offending sentinel; and after a most magnificent display of aristocratic indignation, returned to his hotel. There he assumed the office of a prophet; and his forebodings, addressed to his private secretary, almost frightened that worthy functionary from his propriety. "War between the two countries would be the inevitable result of this unparalleled insult."

His Lordship "already saw Vienna wrapt in flames to avenge the outrage offered to the sacred person of his Britannic Majesty's representative."

The next day wore away in anxious deliberation on the most effectual means of alarming the Austrian cabinet. No measures appeared sufficiently violent. A second night's sound sleep cooled the fevered brain of the British ambassador. He waited at an early hour on the Austrian minister, and detailed, with faithful accuracy, the atrocious conduct of the sentinel. He was heard with profound attention. "I am aware it may be urged that the man acted in the mere discharge of his duty, and I disclaim all wish that extreme severity may be used towards him, or that he may be punished capitally; but I do require, indeed I must demand it formally, that some VERY MARKED NOTICE may be taken of his conduct."

"I am very glad," replied the wily Metternich, with a smile of most peculiar meaning, "to hear these sentiments from your Lordship, since we yesterday raised the sentinel to the rank of non-commissioned officer, in consequence of this very transaction!"

Tuesday, September 14.—An arrival to-day in the person of a Mrs. Whitehouse, the widow of a Dr. Whitehouse—a clergyman, I presume, since she talked to me at dinner of her "dear Dr. Vitehouse, the late *incumbrance* of the living!" She sounds all her *a's* like *o's*; and her pronunciation being, like her person, somewhat of the broadest, makes her conversation sound at times rather oddly. She is musical; and though the incumbrance of the living has only been removed from it nine short weeks, she volunteered in the evening a song. She chose the old air, "*Tell*

me, babbling echo, why?" which, under her management ran thus:—

> "*Tell me, bobbling echo, whoy*
> *You retorn me soigh for soigh?"*

The effect, certainly, was novel; and, if I may judge from the agonized muscles of her auditory, diverting.

Wednesday, September 15.—Another addition to our party in the person of a strapping Irishman, Captain O'Cavenagh. Either he and Mrs. Whitehouse are old acquaintance, or it is love at first sight.

Thursday, September 23.—*Place aux Dames!* Room for the widow. Hush, she speaks.

This day twelvemonth I was at Florence, hearing mass with Colonel Wardle—you know whom I mean? All the world has heard of *him*. My dear friend, Sir Diggory Popkin, used to characterize him as one of the Chaberts of society. "He has lived

surrounded by combustibles—trifled with the most dangerous element—alarmed all those around him, and not benefited himself." This was the harshest sentiment I ever heard dear Sir Diggory express of any human being. He was the most kind, considerate magistrate, that ever administered the laws of his country. His delicacy was proverbial. I, myself, was present on more than one occasion, when he was engaged on a criminal investigation. "My honest friend," said he, to a regular ruffian, who, I am shocked to say, seemed ready to laugh in his face, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony." At another time, I have the most distinct recollection of his taking an examination thus. Sir Diggory questions—he had a little peculiarity of repeating the answers made to him—and the man replies. Bear this in mind, and you'll understand the affair in a trice.

"My good friend, you are brought before me on a charge of murder: what have you to observe on the subject?"

"Eh, your worship?" (Those hardened wretches are always so ignorant.)

"How did it happen?"

"Why, thus, your worship. Jem was very saucy, and said as how he would knock the breath out of my body.

"Good! And what did you reply?"

"Nothing; I floored him."

"Good! and then—"

"Why, then, your worship, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open.

"His head was cut open? Good! and what followed?"

"After that, your worship, they gathered him up to take him to the dispensary, but he died on the road."

"He died on the road? Very good!"

Now you will scarcely credit me when I state that this kind, gentle, considerate

man, who ever manifested such tenderness for the feelings of others, was doomed to find that others had no mercy on his. It's a positive fact—I don't expect you to believe it—it's monstrous!—that there never was one of his decisions as a magistrate (and they were many, for he was singularly off-hand) appealed against at the quarter-sessions, that was not reversed. *They quashed one and all of them.* Now I ask you, knowing as you must now do, something of Sir Diggory's temperament, if that was not inhuman? Uh! uh! uh! He felt it, uh!—deeply, uh! I really believe if he had continued in the commission, it would have killed him. But, as he justly observed, where was the use of it? Where was I? Oh! I remember, at mass with Colonel Wardle. I saw a great deal of him at Florence. By the English his society was much courted, though the Ambassador, Lord Burghersh, affected to dis-

countenance him. The fact was, his lordship required incense which the Colonel would not offer. He is a fine, gentlemanly old man—with venerable grey hair—a most agreeable companion—full of anecdote—alive to the passing incidents of the hour—and ever willing to contribute to the general amusement.

He has three sons. One of them is in the Austrian service; another is in the Persian service; a third lives on the Colonel's patrimonial estate in Wales. But though cheerful, I do not consider him happy. He is an exile, not from choice, but from the force of circumstances. "I was misled," he remarked to me, one morning. "My motives were good, but imperfectly understood, and wretchedly executed. NO SINGLE MAN CAN REFORM A SERVICE. I was over confident, and deserved to fail. I regret the past, though I cannot recall it."

"Alas!" thought I, as the widow closed her narrative, "how many who fearlessly dash into the turbid and troubled waters of political intrigue, under the vain hope of benefiting society, might adopt this conclusion as their own!"

Friday, September 24th.—I was enjoying, in the sombre stillness of an autumnal morning, a solitary ramble—communing, not unprofitably, with the past,—conjuring up, as I sauntered slowly along, the loved and the lost, the dead and the distant—those who had outstripped me on the journey, and were already at rest—and congratulating myself, that so much of my own painful pilgrimage was happily accomplished, and that my own hour of repose could not be far distant—when a turn in the road dissipated all these illusions, by bringing me up side by side with that eternal Mrs. Mattermole.

I mended my pace, in the hope—vain,

alas!—that I should distance her. "Ho! ho!" says she, putting her thin, spider legs into rapid motion, and thus baffling every chance of escape; "you step forwards like 'Walking Stewart.' Ah, I see by the expression of your countenance, you have something to learn on that subject. Come, I'll enlighten you." And linking her arm in mine, she dragged me rapidly along.

"Walking Stewart,"—I was introduced to him by Sir Diggory,—was so called, from his having walked over every part of Europe which was walkable. He was a remarkably handsome man, and stood upwards of six feet. The proportions of his figure were noble. It was a model of manly symmetry. What a wild, troubled, chequered career he had passed! There was scarcely a country which he had not visited. He had seen life in all its varieties—all its vicissitudes;—had viewed his fellow man under almost every climate, and

aspect, and circumstance. He had entered, when young, into the East India Company's service; thence passed into that of one of the rayahs, or native princes; quitted his highness's court in disgust, and found his way into France; was a general, and had a military command in the French Revolution; took a fancy to see the pyramids; *walked* into Egypt, and became a Mameluke. Finding he required change, passed into Russia; became the favourite of an archduchess, and at her death, returned, loaded with wealth, to England.

"Ah," continued the widow, with a forbidding, reproachful air, "his prominent failing was an over-weaning attachment to our sex: though I must say, the women, to their shame, gave him ample encouragement. He was banished from the rayah's court for a love affair. His highness's favourite, a young and lovely Georgian, took a fancy to him. Their attachment was

discovered. He was driven from the rayah's presence; and she—the barbarous heathens!—they hamstringed her; tore her tongue out by its roots; and then, having maimed her in a manner too dreadful for description, left her to perish.

"Poor Lûla! her lover, to the latest hour of his life, bitterly mourned her fate. The anniversary of her death was invariably passed in solitude. It was a day devoted to keen self-reproach and melancholy retrospection.

"When I knew him, he was in the vale of years. He was then a noble-looking fellow. The fire of his dark, penetrating eye, and the grace of his erect and finely proportioned form, were unaltered. Time appeared unable to quench the one, or unnerve the other. His faculties were perfect, with the exception of his hearing. That was partially affected. He was passionately fond of music; and his Sunday

evening concerts, on which no expense was spared, were long and deservedly celebrated. The fare was, in general, one act of an oratorio. His organ, which had formerly belonged to Handel, and was of prodigious power, was played by a first-rate professor: the chorusses were sung by practised choristers: and no care, no outlay, was grudged, to render the performance attractive. There was a peculiarity about it, in the closing part of his life, arising from the defect I have mentioned. He doubled the number of his choristers, and directed every instrument to be played with its full power. And thus, while every body around him was stunned with the pitch of his music, it fell soothingly and softly on his dull ear. Many a happy hour have I passed at these Sunday evening concerts, though they did not altogether meet the views of my dear departed saint. Excellent man! he was a very serious thinker;

and *Walking Stewart's* code of religion was exceedingly curious. He was a follower of Epicurus; and held that each sense was given by the Donor for the purpose of being gratified. For example, he played whist while his picked band were going the round of their most beautiful airs, or his glee singers were giving him one of his favourite catches.

"To me, I must say, he was particularly attentive. To the little I had to offer—I'm a woman of few words—he paid special regard. Many of his friends supposed I should inherit a considerable share of his wealth; but he left it all to a Miss Dod, a simpleton, who never opened her lips! His will created universal surprise. God knows the storm of calumny I braved on his account! for the world is most censorious; and his reputation for gallantry was well established. However, he is gone,

and we are here"—pointing to the hotel. "Uh! uh! uh!"

Saturday, September 25th.—Mrs. Whitehouse left us at mid-day. "The seclusion of Dinsdale depressed her too deeply under her present afflicting circumstances. She never could bear solitude. It overpowered her." It is singular that she paid a visit to the parish church before her departure: and, by a coincidence which has been thought remarkable, the strapping O'Cavenagh disappeared about the same hour.

Sunday, September 26.—Torrents of rain have fallen during the night. The air is damp and chill. The sun withholds his beams, and the face of nature seems wreathed in frowns. My usual walk to the parish church appears too fraught with hazard for a poor shattered valetudinarian like myself. I have been compelled to abandon it; and my spirits, at no period high, are unusually depressed.

The solitude of a dreary Sunday is indeed bitter; it is to me that species of solitude of all others the least endurable. I delight to associate with my fellow creatures in the praises of our common maker, and to warm my heart with their presence and sympathy. To mingling with the herd below, who, seated in full divan in the drawing-room, were about to hear the service performed—performed indeed!—by that monkey, Mr. Pottinger, I had an utter antipathy. I preferred enjoying in my own room the piety and the profundity of my favourite Barrow. What a contrast to your frothy preachers of the present day!

When I joined the fry, half an hour before dinner, they were recounting singular texts; and as usual the woman of few words was in full swing.

"The most extraordinary I ever heard was at St. Mark's church, Liverpool. The preacher was the Reverend Henry Tuddes-

bury Tewkesbury Tchwartz. He was a very little man, under four feet, with a face —I won't describe it—I never saw such a face before, and I hope I never shall again. Where was I? oh, I remember, about Tuddesbury. His text was, "*Husbands, love your wives!*" He enlarged upon it nine and forty minutes, and introduced, with considerable effect, a very large proportion of the marriage service. He dwelt upon the beauty, value, and scarcity of domestic union, and enjoined the husbands present to a faithful discharge of their relative duties. His sermon created quite a sensation. I must confess I admired it. It came too late unfortunately for my poor dear man, for he had been dead exactly a year and three quarters when I heard it. Here and there to be sure was a passage which might have been more cautiously worded. For example, when he described the happiness of the matrimonial state,

where there existed a thorough congeniality of tastes, pursuits, and sentiments, he lowered his voice, and said with an air of regret, that unfortunately he could not speak from experience. This caused a smile on many a fair face which had previously been wrapt in profound attention, and an audible titter from one or two of the most frolicksome. Of the sermon, as a whole, there was but one opinion. All agreed that such a sermon had never been heard within the walls of St. Mark's since the day it was a church. The matrons of the congregation, whose husbands were present, congratulated themselves over and over again that their liege lords were there to hear such a masterly exposition of their matrimonial vows. While those who were unfortunate enough to be unattended by their respective spouses, bewailed their hard, their unhappy fate, that Mr. A. or Mr. B. had missed such a golden opportu-

nity of having his duty so clearly and emphatically explained to him.

"By the way—uh! uh! uh! don't rise, I shall—uh! uh!—be better directly—uh! I heard an almost equally curious sermon in that very church. A curate attached to it had been for some time ill: his ministrations were not much admired. Poor man, he was physically unequal to so large a church! and it is possible the congregation might now and then have murmured. However, after a protracted illness, he died. A Mr. Malibran, a popular preacher, gifted with a tall commanding figure, dark eyes, very white hands, and a diamond ring—was deputed to preach his funeral sermon. He did so, and took for his text, "*We are verily guilty concerning our brother.*"

"Upon this passage he rung the changes, till at last he made out completely, to his own satisfaction, though certainly not to

that of his hearers, that the congregation had killed their curate.

" It could not be expected that such 'a delightful, charming man;'—such 'a moving preacher;'—such 'a powerful, such a pathetic pleader;'—a man who possessed 'such a command over the passions of the females in his congregation,'—(all the pocket handkerchiefs were drawn out in readiness the moment he placed his foot on the lowest stair of the pulpit)—should escape unscathed.

" It chanced accordingly that he was captivated by the matured charms of a lady twice his age, who the *world* said—remark I speak not from my own knowledge—I'm a woman of few words, uh! uh! uh! and in the little I have to say I never scandalize my neighbour—uh!—was not what she ought to be. She was very handsome, went to church regularly, prayed a little, and wept a great deal; in fact, played her

part so admirably that she received the offer of becoming Mrs. Malibran!

" His relations remonstrated: his friends warned: his clerical brethren shook their heads ominously and sighed. They declared one and all they would not unite the parties. One refusal to officiate at the sacrifice followed another. Mrs. Malibran elect was at her wit's end.

" At length the desperate lover resolved to apply to the Bishop. He requested an interview with his Lordship for the purpose of obtaining his opinion and advice on a very grave subject. A day and hour were named. Mr. Malibran stated at great length the peculiarities of his case—the dilemma to which his brethren had reduced him—and concluded by asking the Bishop in a most serious manner, *if, as a clergyman, he could not marry himself?*

" 'Can you bury yourself?' said Bishop

Majendie in his deep, sepulchral voice, and left the apartment."

Tuesday, September 28.—The widow it seems has wintered at Rome. The following is a sample of her budget from the head quarters of catholicism.

So you knew Sir Lionel Lavenport did you? Ah poor man! he died with great good humour, and was buried as he desired in a most cheerful churchyard! His wife was a most feminine being—a first rate favourite of mine. I love to see a woman all tenderness and sensibility. Did you hear of her exploit at Rome? I was there when it happened. Lady Lavenport was a woman of lively spirits, and had a most delightful turn for practical satire. She had been about two months resident in the eternal city when she resolved on shewing up the college. She procured a cardinal's dress, hat, stockings tunic, rosary—all complete—every one admitted the correctness

of the costume—and having equipped two of her suite as attendant monks, sallied out thus accompanied upon the *Corso*. The joke was at its height, and she was in full enjoyment of the sensation it excited, when the police came up and with many apologies for interrupting his eminence—for venturing to intrude upon his time and curtail his walk—begged permission to be his eminence's escort to the castle. The matter took wind. "We do not wish to be severe"—said Cardinal Capellari—"we are anxious to grant every reasonable licence to the English—we do not desire to circumscribe their amusements, their caprices, or their excentricities—but there are limits which we cannot permit even *them* to infringe. In vain Sir Lionel dwelt on the correctness of Lady Lavenports religious convictions —, in vain he described it as a jest—a freak—a mere whim of the moment, which would be for-

gotten the next hour unless they give it undue importance by treating it as a crime. The Cardinal bowed, and listened, but declined rescinding his resolution. "As for the jest itself, the ridicule it was intended to cast on ourselves—the buffoonery of the whole affair—we mind it not. To the success or failure of the attempt we are personally indifferent. But the people—respect among them—reverence among them—we must and will have. The lady must leave Rome to-morrow."

She did so before day-break.

Friday, October 1.—Our party received an addition to day in the person of Mrs. —— Sterne's daughter by the celebrated Mrs Draper. She is a little deformed woman with very, dark, sparkling eyes—high, noble brow—and small but most expressive mouth. She possesses inexhaustible spirits,—rapid utterance,—and a lively youthful manner. Her features bear

a striking resemblance to the portraits of her witty but unprincipled father. On him she is singularly and effectedly silent: but on her mother she dwells much and frequently. The beautiful monument to Mrs Draper's memory in the abby church of Bath she visits thrice a year to ascertain that her deputy performs her office faithfully, for which she receives from Mrs—— an annuity—that of "keeping the tablet as free from speck or soil as her dear mother's fame."

Some of her father's eccentricities she appears to have inherited. Her religious opinions are I should hope peculiar to herself. I judge of them only from the style of her conversation.

"There is a satiety of life as of every thing else."—"Death is not the extinction of our nature it is only the renovation."—"I have never read the Old Testament. My father held that it was an improper

book for a female to read! Rennell, with all his talent, is in the wrong. He affirms that we cannot understand the New Testament without studying the Old.—Non entities in this world will be nonentities in the next,"

She ventures not unfrequently on a repartee. I cannot say I think them peculiarly happy. The following is a fair specimen. She had been baited incessantly about her religious opinions by a young man, a common-place puppy, the son, or the nephew, or the brother, I declare I can't say which, for I never thought the fact worth ascertaining, of one of the prebends of Durham. She had listened to his *niaiseries* with exemplary patience for several days, when on a sudden it seemed to occur to her, that even to forbearance there are limits. He resumed the attack this morning, with—"*Mrs. ——, what first made you sceptical?*"

"*The lives,*" said she, looking him full in

the face—"*of the Dean and Chapter of Durham.*"

The laugh went against him. Instead of readily joining in it, and treating the matter as a sorry jest, a burst of merriment ensued on his rejoining *aside*—a most vehement *aside* it was—with an air of desperate pique, "I hate your clever women, they are all such d—'d fools."

Saturday, Oct. 2.—When I descended to breakfast this morning, I found the whole room in a buzz. "His Highness"—"the Duke"—"the Grand Duke"—"the palace"—"the body guards"—were bandied about by mouths crammed with muffins, as "common household w[illegible]les," At first I was somewhat alarmed. hound. Repeatedly, on I, "there's a revolution ... I found a bible and *the* Duke—*our Duke*—has been called than upon to march against the rebels!" "The Duke! What Duke?" said I, bracing up

my nerves to bear the announcement of some fearful convulsion.

"Duke!" said Sterne's daughter, "there's a couple of them!"

"I've received letters this morning," said the widow, with an air of considerable dignity, "from my former fellow-travellers, the Duke of Lucca and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. They have not"—and she pursed up her thin, skinny mouth into an inconceivable expression of the most ludicrous mystery—"forgotten certain passages of the most lively interest that occurred during our brief intimacy."

I looked up for a moment. 'Twas but a passing thought. A single glance at the widow's spare, angular, frost-bitten visage, re-assured me. The suspicion was too ludicrous. No, no! these passages must have been innocent, however interesting. How on earth she can have scraped acquaintance with such personages is puzzling.

However, there were the letters, and pretty long ones.

"I had the happiness," said the widow, putting her precious missives carefully aside with an air of the most assured self-complacency, "I had the happiness to be of some use to the Duke of Lucca. I prescribed for him, and, I am proud to say, successfully. He is subject to epileptic fits, and his medical attendant, a German physician, who invariably accompanies him in all his wanderings, was not, in my opinion, fully up to the subject. The Duke passes for a staunch Catholic, and is a special protegé of the Pope. He has an immense collection of bibles, in various languages, most splendidly bound. Repeatedly, on paying him a visit, have I found a bible open before him. To be sure, I more than once espied a volume of Voltaire lying under it. Of his sincerity, you are now able to form as competent an opinion as

myself. For this I can vouch, that on his coming to the dukedom, the priests got hold of him, and would suffer no one to approach him for three weeks, so anxious were they to possess him *with their views*, and to impress upon him what he *ought to do for the church*. He is a remarkably handsome man—fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. He is tolerably conscious of his personal advantages, for he sat about seventeen times for his portrait to an English artist, who, after all, carried it away with him, the Duke not being satisfied with the representation therein afforded of his 'outward man.' Of his inner man I say nothing. He is believed to be immoderately fond of our sex, a rake upon principle—and is accused of making love to every pretty woman he meets. This I must say, he never shewed any inclination to take any liberties with me. I owe him this piece of justice. No, no! his manner was

invariably respectful and modest, though courteous and *séduiseant*. I wish I could say as much for some other parties. There was a set I unfortunately encountered at Florence, who most shamefully abused my good nature. Lord Normanby, Sir Hedworth Williamson, and the Princess Belgerioso—yes, yes! I shall have something to say about her by and bye—resolved to get up an English play and farce, and requested me to take the part of *Variella* in the *Weathercock*. Ever willing to oblige, I began at once to study the character. The pains, the trouble, the labour it cost me—for my memory is not the most retentive—are indescribable. My dear girl" (the dear *girl* is upwards of forty!) "used to repeat the part aloud to me, for my eyes are weak, and I read but seldom. Many and many a night has she sat by my bedside, impressing the dialogue on my memory, and hoping it would retain it as the last thing I listened

to before I composed myself to sleep. I persevered, and after infinite pains—pains they certainly were, for I had to dance in the farce, and I thought the dancing rehearsals necessary, for it would have been the death of me—I announced myself as perfect. Would you believe it, after all this effort, exertion, diligence, and devotion to their amusement, they burst out into a most immoderate peal of laughter, and protested that the proposal was a hoax? How I wished that my dear departed had been alive, or that my esteemed Sir Diggory had been near me! They deserved each of them a challenge. Really, when I reflect on the agonies I underwent in my dancing rehearsals, I feel I never can forgive Lord Normanby to my dying day. And Sir Hedworth Williamson—a tall, immense, endless man, between you and I, I don't acquit him of participation in the transaction. And then, to be sure, they all pretended to

be convulsed with laughter, at my not detecting the deception! I call such conduct indecent—downright ind— uh! uh! uh! Where was I? Oh! with the Duke of Lucca—uh! uh! his Grace of Tuscany I mean. Ah, he was not one of my favourites, but I will do him justice, notwithstanding. He was one of the best men in the world, and the most disagreeable: he was adored by his people as a prince, but detested by his associates as a man. He had a dull, cheerless, saturnine countenance, rarely laughed, and as to conversation, could boast of none. As a sovereign, he is commendable. There were days when the poorest and lowest of his people could obtain an audience of him, could state at full length their wrongs, and claim redress. He saw them—the poor I mean—after dinner. I only hope, for their sakes, that he was more courteous to them than to me; for it's a fact, that I, who have so little to say on

any subject, and pride myself, as well I may, on being a woman of few words, never commenced a story to the Duke, that he did not leave me in the middle of it."

Wednesday, October 6th.—Zoe Mattermole is not the dutiful daughter I supposed her. Her venerable parent had for some days been severely indisposed; and on my making, this morning, my usual inquiries after her, Zoe shook her head. I became alarmed—supposing some change for the worse had occurred—and asked, with increased anxiety, "How is Mrs. Mattermole?" Zoe answered, "*Melancholy well.*" I stared, supposing I could not have heard correctly. Zoe, however, soon dissipated my doubts, by resuming, "Ah, my dear sir, we are told that all flesh is grass; your old women, however, are all tough hay."

I've done with her!

Friday, October 8th.—Sterne's daughter quitted us this morning. We miss her

lively dialogue in our evening circle. Zoe, I suppose, with the charitable view of cheering us—amuse us she certainly did—volunteered, before supper, an Italian air. Now poor Miss Mattermole, from habit, or as our sage leech, Dr. Campion, contends, "from conformation," invariably speaks as if she was labouring under the effects of a violent cold. Rossini was therefore murdered, thus—*Di*—sniff—*piacer*—sniff—*Mi balza*—sniff, sniff—*il cor*. She had arrived at this point, when the widow's wind—she had been talking bravely during the song—was exhausted, and uh! uh! uh! was heard. The effect was irresistible. I buried my face in my handkerchief; but finding my neighbours were equally tickled, hastily withdrew.

Monday, October 11*th*.—"Here are some letters from Sir Humphry Davy," said Mrs. Mattermole, as I took my leave of her for the night, "which may amuse you, if you

are in the habit of reading late as a provocative to sleep. They are addressed to an eminent living poet, and give a lively picture of the difficulties Sir Humphry encountered in early life."

"May I copy them?"

"By all means. I have two large bundles of them, independent of those you now hold. They are curious, but not scientific. Good night."

My dear C——,

I have talked with Beddoes about Blumenbach. He says that there is no such work in English. He considers it as a good work, and a useful work; but agrees with me in thinking, that the loss of time and waste of energy a translation of it would require, would be badly bestowed by a poet philosopher.

You were born to connect man with nature, by the intermediate links of harmo-

nious sounds, and to teach him to deconnect his feelings from unmeaning words.

I am certain that, with regard to profit, you will get more by writing originally than by undertaking those confounded translations of German books.

I have removed my furniture into the garden, amidst the strawberries, and am now writing under the shade of an apple-tree. Thus I begin to claim a relationship with nature. Farewell.

Yours, with warm affection,

H. DAVY.

Monday Afternoon.

Hotwells, January 29, 1801.

MY DEAR ——

I am at this moment endeavouring to explain to myself the use of the pain of disease in intellectualizing or improving the human mind, but in vain.

I have been carried into this reverie by

the re-perusal of your letter, and by reflecting on my own feelings.

Love will preserve you, my dear C——; it must preserve you. Your complaint is highly painful and tormenting, but not in the slightest degree dangerous. I sympathize with you: but in all pains, all diseases, all crosses, and anxieties, I shall feel an eternal confidence with regard to your long and happy existence.

If the works of men, the sculptured marble, the aggregate of dead thoughts expressed in myriads of labours, can only gradually change, if the children of evil, destined to undergo gradual modification, cannot at once be diffused through the ether of existence, shall the creation of love perish? Shall the invisible links which bind the *poet philosopher* to thousands of living spirits be broken by an organic disease? No. Where Deity exists, where the binder together of the universe is concentrated,

there pain cannot be permanent—there death cannot enter.

I received, two days ago, a letter from Poole. He is much affected by your illness. He wrote to me in the goodness of his heart, conjecturing that I might not have heard of it.

Take care of yourself for the sake of your friends, but more for the sake of the world.

Yours, with deep affection,

H. Davy.

Royal Institution, Albemarle Street.

My dear C——,

Though many weeks have passed away since I have given you any visible signs of remembrance, yet, trust me, thoughts, creative thoughts concerning you, full of hope and consolation, have been very often in my mind.

Business and the myriads of feeble im-

pressions, *peculiar children of London*, have debilitated my spirit, and you are not weaker in body than I am in mind. Yet I hope for a resurrection from the grave of listlessness; and the SPIRIT that connects us together, whose children we are, has (I feel certain) already more "deeply interfused" himself into your frame pregnant with health and renovation.

I have been lecturing on galvanism to audiences generally consisting of from three to four hundred men, women, and children. They have thought proper to be pleased, and I shall go on experimenting and predicating for a month longer. Oh, that I could at the end of that time but breathe the breeze which sweeps over your lake, and view the red light of the last beams of the mountains reflected from your face.

But this cannot be. Another spring will bring new hopes—hopes more intense, more likely to be realized!

You know ———. He is a good, energetic man, full of the spirit of life. This spirit has induced him to love a woman called ———, whom you formerly *knew*. He wishes much to learn what is your opinion of her honour and her character. Will you give a line of information respecting her in your next letter. It will be useful to ———, and will perhaps save him from mischief.

I shall be very anxious to read "——." I shall not read it as a poem, but as part of the mind of a man whom in prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, here or hereafter, I cannot cease to love and to respect.

H. Davy.

May:—Sunday.

My dear C——,

I have received from you two kind letters. I ought to have answered them

three weeks ago; and I should have done so had I not been tossed about in a whirlpool of business and dissipation in London; and had I not been agitated by a fever of emotion connected with the view of a sudden change of situation, and with new prospects in futurity.

I am appointed Director of the Laboratory at the Royal Institution, and I am at a future time to be made Professor of Chemistry. This alteration in my condition is certainly a favourable one, as it gives me a larger field for action, protects me from a profession, provides me with an excellent apparatus, and keeps me in London only in the winter and spring season.

I am at this moment busy in arranging the affairs of the Pneumatic Institution, for on Tuesday next I shall repair to town. I am sorry to quit the rocks, the groves, and the dell of the Avon for the BURIAL-PLACE *of human energy*. But those rocks and

groves are now become part of my mind, and they will accompany me into every state of existence.

I hardly know what to say to you concerning your plans of studying chemistry. Chemistry is the science of the minutest forms of nature, and your peculiar science is the enunciation of the great parts of the great being — human society — or man. The two sciences have no connection. The little, the obscure, and the unknown ought not, perhaps, ever to be the subjects of speculation for the moral philosopher, and all chemical subjects are of this kind.

Chemistry spoils me — perhaps will destroy me — as a metaphysician. When I ought to be generalizing concerning *wholes*, I find myself endeavouring to divide and to find *parts*.

It may be worth your while to amuse yourself with chemistry; but it is not worth

your while to study it as a science. You have nobler pursuits. Any man can be a chemist. One of the most celebrated chemists in town is one of the most stupid fellows I ever met with. All his powers seem to be seated in his hands and eyes. Not one of a million can be a poet-philosopher; for I persist in giving you this title.

Why then should you employ the instruments of the meaner arts in acting upon mankind, when the great, the wonderful instrument of language connected with feeling is all your own. Use it. Hasten to act upon the deformed being—civil society. Be the kindler of the flames that are to destroy the *unintelligible*. Make its ashes the receptacles of the germ of pure and simple truth. Be the father of the *language of life*.

When I consider, my beloved friend, all you have said and all you have written, I

cannot but feel regret that your opinions and your elucidations of things have not been embodied in some great material organ, which might be in the possession of all men, bearing your name, and being the type of your mind. Oh, that you would act to this end! It is a duty that is owing to man: it is a duty owing to nature.

We shall meet: we shall reason together on the sources of permanent joy, and we shall discuss the point of the utility of pain concerning which your eloquent enunciation has not satisfied me.

Farewell. May you continue in health; and may your energies, the sons of God, be under his peculiar protection.

I am, my dear C——,

Most affectionately yours,

H. Davy.

Pneumatic Institution, October 5.

I write, my dear C., only with the view of rendering more vivid in your memory the thoughts relating to one who is deeply interested in your welfare and in your pursuits.

The ties of duty and interest have bound me to the Pneumatic Institution throughout the whole of the autumn, and they will continue to bind me to it till the spring. Then, if there is no way of seeing you elsewhere, I shall possibly come to sympathize and physiopathize at Keswick.

I say possibly, because events may occur, capable of overturning all my present plans; capable of giving a new character—I mean rather a new occupation — to the poor chemist of Dowry Square.

But I will not foolishly direct your attention to a part of the mighty future, which, even to myself, is obscure and filled

with confused objects. I will speak a little of the *insignificant present.*

I am alternately experimenting and idling: sometimes full of energy, and smeared with dirt and quicksilver—at other times dreaming beneath a great rock hanging over the dell of the Avon; a dell which is beautiful, because Nature is not murdered, or even wounded in it, by the savage hands of man.

King is with me. Tobin is here. Thomson is expected. Beddoes has been ill, and his illness has alarmed us. I believe he would be very glad to hear from Wordsworth of the present state of his health. I have corrected the press for the second volume of "Lyrical Ballads." Two of the poems, which were new to me, I can hardly find words to praise—"Ruth," and "Nature's Lucy." If collections of terms awaking ideas of visible imagery connected with strong pleasurable feelings are poems,

"Ruth," and "Lucy," are among the finest poems ever written.

Two parts of Christobel are nearly printed. When you partially repeated this poem to me, I *felt* strongly. I have read it quietly, and am still delighted.

What are you doing? How goes on the life of Dessing? Write to me soon of your occupations. Remember me kindly to Mrs. C—— and Hartley. Assure Wordsworth of my respect and affection for him, as shown by visible signs. Tell him that I am correcting the press. I should rejoice to be able to see him. It gives me pleasure to be able to serve him. Read the inclosed poem and forget it. Farewell.

I am yours, my dear C.,

Most affectionately,

H. DAVY.

THE BEGINNING AND END OF MAN.

1.

Lo ! o'er the earth the kindling spirits pour
The flames of life that mighty NATURE gives,
The liquid dew becomes the rosy flower ;
The solid dust awakes, and moves, and lives ;

2.

All—all is change : the renovated forms
Of ancient things arise and live again :—
The light of suns—the angry breath of storms—
The everlasting motions of the main—

3.

Are but the engines of that powerful will,
The eternal link of thoughts whose firm resolves,
Have ever acted and are acting still ;
Whilst age round age and world round world revolves.

4.

Linked to the whole the human mind displays
No sameness and no deep identity,
Changeful as is the surface of the sea,
Impressive as the blue and moving sky.

5.

Being of aggregate! the power of love
Gives it the joy of moments, bids it rise
In the wild forms of mortal things to move,
Fix'd to the earth below the eternal skies.

6.

To breathe the ether and to feel the form,
Of orbed beauty through its organs thrill,
To press the limbs of life with rapture warm,
And drink of transport from a living rill:—

7.

To view the heavens with solar radiance bright,
Majestic mingling with the ocean blue,
Or bounded by green woods or mountains white;
Or peopled plains of rich and varied hue.

8.

To feel the social flame, to give to man
Ten thousand signs of growing energy;
The *nothingness of human words to scan;*
The nothingness of human scenes to fly!

9.

To live in forests mingled with the whole
Of Nature's forms, to feel the breezes play
On his parched brow, to see the planets roll
O'er his grey head, their life diffusive ray.

10.

To die in agony, in many days
  To give to Nature all her stolen pow'rs,
Etherial fire to feed the solar rays;
  Etherial dews to glad the earth in showers.

Monday, October 18.—Who should make her appearance this morning but Jack St. Ledger? She was attired, as usual, in her round riding hat and habit, and looked as manly as ever. She had been at the theatre at Wakefield a few evenings ago, and had witnessed the performance of Romeo and Juliet; Juliet being played by a young lady, a Miss E. B., who had been brought up *a Quakeress!* It must have been a most moving affair! The Romeo was upwards of fifty; and in the dying scene, Juliet tumbled him and fumbled him about so unmercifully, that Jack, who was in the side box, could distinctly hear the dead lover whisper, "Have a care, Miss Esther—peace—peace—my wig will be off." From some

accident or other, she could not get at Romeo's dagger; and after having twice rolled him over, in the vain hope of discovering it, she at last made a virtue of necessity, and vehemently poked him in the ribs with her little finger. The curtain fell amidst waving of handkerchiefs and roars of laughter.

Thursday, *Oct.* 21.—"That," said the widow this evening, pointing to Jack St. Ledger, "is an eccentric. I respect eccentrics. The two dearest friends I have in the world belong to that class—Mrs. Cook, the widow of the great circumnavigator, and Sir William Amcoats Ingilby. I'll tell ye about them. Mrs. Cook resides at Clapham. Though ninety-six, she is in full possession of her faculties, and can read, without the aid of glasses, the smallest print There is only one day in the week on which she receives visitors—Thursday; and though wedded to her husband's me-

mory, whom she considers one of the great-est men that ever lived, peremptorily for-bids his name to be mentioned in her hearing. Admiral Smith, her husband's old and valued friend, used to reside with her. Since his death, she has lived alone, the most cheerful, independent, and active of nonagerians.

Side by side with her, I would place Sir William Amcoats Ingilby. He is another of the unaccountables! Colonel King, the owner of the celebrated mare, " Bessy Bedlam,"—where will you find a finer spe-cimen of the real English Gentleman? his conduct relative to B. B. was the admira-tion of the whole turf; —— is a friend of the Baronet. And Sir William having oc-casion to write the Colonel, addressed his letter thus:—

BESSY BEDLAM,

Mrs. Hart's Lodgings,

Free. YORK.

W. A. Ingilby.

Friday October 22.—I have often noticed a miserable daub of a most cadaverous phiz in Mrs. Mattermole's collection of curiosities, and summoned courage this evening to ask "for whom it was intended?"

"Lance Mudlow."

"Lance Mudlow was a character. He was sexton of Kerringford, had been so sixty years. He was accustomed to take all his meals in the church, and very frequently slept there all night. His pallet was the squire's large, square pew; and his bed the green cushion which lined it. Altogether he was an unearthly creature: and seemed at all times much more at home with the dead than with the living. His interview with Lord Harrington is somewhat diverting. The earl had been absent for many years from his seat at K——and at length came down to attend the funeral of his relative Mr. Stanhope. The evening of his arrival he strolled down to the

churchyard. Lance as usual was deep in a grave. The Earl went prowling and peeping about over the cemetery on a kind of survey. At last he espied the human mole and looking over the brink of the grave accosted him thus.

" Whose grave is that ?"

No answer.

" I say whose grave is that you're digging ?"

" A grave for one Stanhope."

" Stanhope the banker ?"

" Stanhope the usurer" said Lance firmly, but without looking up. " He has taken his departure to the next world where I hope he'll find a balance in his favour."

" Ha !" said the Earl " my name is Stanhope."

" Is it ?" said the sexton drily.

" You have a family of that name in the neighbourhood."

" Aye. They live at the Hall."

"They are buried here?"

"Iss: most of them."

"Where abouts?—in what direction? Point out to me the spot."

"No I won't. What! you want to be at them do you?"

"Why for whom do you take me, sirrah?" cried the enraged nobleman. "Do you know who I am?"

"No"—replied in a firm voice this noble specimen of nature's last bed-maker. "No—by no means. No. No. I don't want to know any more of ye than I do now. You won't *tice* me I can tell ye."

Why, what can the rascal mean? cried Lord Harrington in amaze. "Harkee fellow!"

I tell ye, " says the man of spades and mattocks pausing from his toil and elevating his voice,"—I tell ye I don't like the looks of ye! God knows what you

may be. But to my mind you look likely for a *body snatcher*.

Lance Ludlow was a freeholder: and when Mundy was hard run, his suffrage was applied for. Mr. Mundy and party searched the church and the vestry in vain. "We shan't find him above ground," said one of the canvassers. "The dead are his associates," and hurrying to the churchyard, they found him deep in the mould. He was any thing but pleased at being disturbed.

"Well, what now? What do ye *rin* about for *shooting* my name? Can't you let a body, that's about a peaceable employment down in the grave, be at rest for ye?"

"Your vote and interest," said Mr. Mundy; "we must have you at the hustings directly. The contest is so close, that every vote is of moment: and the favour your support will be –"

"Tout," says Lance, "let me finish the grave. That's of far more consequence than sending you to Parliament."

"Hoist him up by a rope," says the leader of the party, "if he won't come up otherwise."

"The deil's in the man," said Lance, as he sullenly placed his foot on terra firma. "Talk of opposing *him!* Babble! HE must be returned in spite of fate who actually lugs folks *out of the grave* to vote for him!"

Tuesday, October 20.—A strolling company of provincial actors have been playing comedy in the neighbouring village. In the midst of their career, a poor man of the name of Maunder had the misfortune to lose his wife; but to preserve, alas! the "six small children" with which she had previously presented him. His case was thought pitiable: and a subscription paper has been handed about for his benefit.

While the matter was progressing, Zoe, who seems on a sudden to be comedy-mad, was entreated to patronize a play, and consented. This unfortunate Mr. Maunder excelled as a dancer; and every night of his miserable life, did he perform a sailor's hornpipe, to the huge delight of his barely civilized audience. This accomplishment has mainly been the reason of Miss Mattermole's exerting herself so warmly in his behalf. From some "affair of the heart" as she phrases it, she doats on a blue jacket, and delights in a hornpipe. She had obliged me to take heaven knows how many tickets, and handed me to-day, in due form, a programme. To my infinite distress, I found that this unhappy man, who had buried his wife in the morning, announced a l'ordinaire :—

A hornpipe, as usual, by Mr. Maunder.

"Of this you cannot be aware," said I to Zoe.

"To be sure I am," was her reply. "It was a condition of my lending my name to the amusements of the evening."

"But consider the poor man's feelings."

"Feelings!" echoed Zoe; "the best thing that ever happened to him:—his heart and his heels will be equally light to night.

"Well but," I resumed, unwilling to yield the point, "he plays the Duke of Modena in the tragedy, and has to pass sentence of death on the conspirators."

"And *as the Duke of Modena*, he is to dance at my desire, a sailor's hornpipe."

O! Zoe Mattermole, I had—yes, I once had thoughts—very serious thoughts—but now I shall in good earnest abandon thee. So best—so best. No longer shall her plate be heaped with tit bits,—she's an enormous glutton!—by my hand! No longer will I whisper as I place them there

Ζωη μυ σασ αγαπω.

Sunday, November 1.—We sat down thirteen to dinner to-day, to Jack St. Ledger's extreme discomfiture. Jack, martial as she seems, is somewhat superstitious. Mrs. Mattermole perceived the difficulty, and turned Jack's current of ideas most adroitly. "The same thing happened," said Mrs. M., "the day I dined in company with the two thieves."

"Thieves," exclaimed her nearest neighbour, edging away his plate, with a look of the most uncomfortable surprise.

"Did I never tell you the story? Oh, well, here it is! At a church in the city—I forget the name—never mind—it affects not the point of my tale; two strange clergymen preached on two successive Sundays the self-same sermon; you know it, I dare say, Sherlock's on the "Two Thieves."

It so chanced, that as the congregation were quitting the church, the officiating

minister of the preceding Sunday passed by, and observing his clerical brother on the point of leaving the vestry, went up to him. The one linked his arm with the other, and away they walked. Observing the circumstance, an old parishioner, who had not confined his reading to modern divinity, grumbled out,

"There go the two thieves."

By this *soubriquet* they have been known ever since.

Tuesday Morning.—A change has come over the widow. For the last two or three days she has been unusually silent and reserved. A vein of melancholy has appeared in her conversation. She talks of the changes of human life—of the withered leaves and fading beauty of autumn—of the vicissitudes of man's chequered career—and of woman's ignorance of the future. Her monologues have even bordered upon the

romantic and sentimental. She quoted Seneca this morning, and observed, that "life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us—then youth—then the years of ripened manhood—then the better and more pleasing part, of old age." She had Shakspeare in her hand last Sunday, instead of her prayer-book, and was intently studying "All's well that ends well."

In particular, I have remarked that she has reverted less frequently to the "sayings and doings" of the "dear departed;" and that the ponderous locket containing I know not how much of his hair no longer ornaments her bosom. All this is somewhat marvellous. But still I was hardly prepared for her strange reply this evening, when, on some one hazarding a remark calculated to draw her out on the merits of

the late Mr. Mattermole, she bluntly remarked, "*He's better off where he is!*"

What to think I know not: for an hour since she remarked, the current of circumstances was not to be withstood, and that she was convinced something was about to happen to her. I begin to suspect she meditates self-destruction, and shall communicate my apprehensions to the daughter this evening. Silly creature! it is evident *she* is not in the secret; for she seems as confounded as the rest of the party.

Wednesday Evening.—The widow is no more!—While sitting at the whist-table last evening, a communication was made to her, that a gentleman, a stranger, desired to see her alone, on business of a private and particular nature. She coloured—rose—faltered—grasped the card-table—clasped her hands—and then marched out of the room, with an air of desperation that would not have disgraced Fanny Kemble. The con-

ference was long and animated. We could hear the widow's voice in the room below us, rise full and clear, and utterly overpower the stranger's; while we, in silence, concluded our third rubber. She stole out early this morning by the garden gate; walked to the parish church; and returned, accompanied by Sir Diggory, as LADY POPKIN. During breakfast she seemed silent and oppressed—rather disposed to blush and look foolish. A cup of strong coffee revived her; and a tissue of nonsense fell from her tongue. Sir Diggory appeared a poor, weak, cowed creature, unable to think or speak for himself. Happy for him that he has found such a helpmate! He was, or professed to be, all impatience to be off. Keswick is to be the scene of the honeymoon. The carriage was ordered round; but the widow's voice was heard above the noise of the wheels.

"Is it come to this? Sir Diggory, give

me my salts. Where's the parrot? I feel more overwhelmed than I can possibly—Perkins, have you forgotten my sketch-book?—I don't see the Duke of Lucca's picture. God bless ye, good people: I shall never cease——Where's my handkerchief?—Popkin, I miss my dressing-case. My dear daughter, say something for me. I really——." She was still running on, when Sir Diggory gave the signal—the postilions cracked their whips—and Uh! uh! uh! was the last I heard of this woman of few words.

THE END.

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